How Goes the Campaign? *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

October 3, 1964, 35 cents

Barry Fights Crime

James Ridgeway

Walk Through Warsaw — *Louis J. Halle*

Regulating AT&T — *Asher Brynes*

Psychoanalysis as Art — *Robert Coles*

Chaplin's Life — *Stanley Kauffmann*

A British Radical — *Joseph Featherstone*

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Big Business

★ The 100 largest manufacturing corporations in America in 1962 controlled 58 percent of the net capital assets (financial, plus land, buildings and equipment) of all manufacturing corporations. Fantastic – ? Unless you know that statistic you do not really know very much about your country.

A lot of ardent people are going around the US right now denouncing "Big Government." Chiefly it is Senator Goldwater, but President Johnson genuflects to the ritual every so often. And why do we have big government? Largely because we have big business. If you have one you are going to get the other.

It's a campaign year so papers are full of attacks on big government; sometimes it's hard to know whether conservatives hate Moscow or Washington most. And the same papers, so far as I can find, are giving virtually no attention to a quiet little study of economic concentration being made right here in the capital by Senator Hart (D, Mich.) in the antitrust and monopoly subcommittee which Kefauver used to run.

Economist Gardiner C. Means testifies that business concentration is vast and growing; it is worse than it was in 1929 in spite of all the antitrust suits. Economic director Willard Mueller of the Federal Trade Commission tells of a new gimmick now thriving amazingly – absorption by merger – which seems to be out of reach of the old-fashioned Sherman Act (1890) and Clayton Act (1914). Don't let trust-buster Teddy Roosevelt know what's happening; he would come charging back from the Isles of the Blessed on a foaming mustang. Let's look at the Gardiner Means figures first. He recalls that the nation was shocked in 1929 at business concentration; it amounted perhaps to 44 percent of the total "net capital assets" of "all manufacturing corporations." Now the figure's up to 58 percent, and growing. Yes, he says, "there has been a very considerable increase in concentration in manufacturing as a whole in the last 33 years." The result? Well, the flexibility of price competition is reduced, for one thing; you have administered prices and wages and the small units have to go along. Let factories and men idle, administered prices don't fall; prices actually rose in some of Ike's recessions.

Mr. Means lists the 100 manufacturing giants that have a mortgage on the rest of the country, but here there's space only for the top 10, the pride of the nation, with total assets:

1. Standard Oil (NJ) – $11.5 billion
2. General Motors – $10.2 billion
3. Ford – $5.4 billion
4. US Steel – $5 billion
5. Gulf Oil – $4.2 billion
6. Texaco – $4.16 billion
7. Socony Mobil Oil – $4.13 billion
8. Standard Oil (Calif) – $3.4 billion
9. Standard Oil (Ind) – $3.1 billion
10. E. I. Dupont – $3 billion

Notice anything queer? Six of the 10 are oil companies; you and I are helping them maintain their happy eminence by shouldering part of their tax burden. They have the 27.5 percent depreciation allowance loophole and neither Lyndon Johnson nor anybody else from Texas could come to Congress who didn't support it.

(If you want to know "Number 100" on the list, it's poor little Armour and Company, the meat packers, with only $436,100,000 in total assets.)

Out of Date Laws

★ America favors checks and balances in its political structure, and used to feel that economic power ought also somehow to be diffused rather than concentrated. That was the notion of the Sherman and Clayton Acts, and of Teddy Roosevelt. But we have changed that now. What *we* are afraid of is Big Government. The quiet revelations before Senator Hart's subcommittee get almost no attention at all.

Economist Corwin Edwards and others testified that antitrust laws are pretty much out of date. They were designed to keep a 1910 Goliath, Inc., from gobbling up a small competitor. But goodness, we don't do that now. We merge. Not just potential competitors, but subsidiaries in alien fields, producing what witnesses called the "conglomerate enterprise." GM doesn't just manufacture Chevrolets, it makes refrigerators and diesel locomotives; the Columbia Broadcasting Corporation buys the NY Yankees. Martin-Marietta makes concrete pipe and sophisticated space-craft equipment. Dr. Walter Adams, of Michigan State University, points out that Olin Mathieson can give you farm chemicals, sporting goods or a very fine brand of toothpaste; General Dynamics runs from sand and gravel to Atlas missiles. Textron is my favorite. It is an amalgam of 27 separate divisions and 113 separate plants: it has a kind of Sears Roebuck line of helicopters, chicken feed, chain saws and work shoes, let alone lawn mowers and bathroom accessories.

All over the Lot

★ These aren't monopolies, they are "conglomerates," and conglomerate gigantism is growing. Dr. Adams thinks it's "the least conscionable form of economic power. The Public Utility Act (1935) split electric holding companies from functionally unrelated operations, but what was banned for them has broken out all over the lot in other industry."

"I am against private socialism of concentrated private power as thoroughly as I am against government socialism," FDR said in 1935. Senator Goldwater should note.

What's life like among the immensities? Staff Researcher John Blair finds that once immense is always immense; a giant conglomerate can pour its power into secondary lines and absorb competitors like a slug. There was "the Great Merger Movement" around 1900, but another one is going on now, says Dr. Mueller. Between 1951-63, the 200 biggest immensities made 1,956 acquisitions. They didn't absorb sick companies, but profitable ones.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 151 Number 14 Issue 2602 October 3, 1964*
Published weekly (except July and August when it is biweekly) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $8; Foreign, $9; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6.50. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43301.* *Copyright© 1964 by Harrison-Blaine, Inc.**Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

The Campaign

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General Eisenhower golfs, President Johnson walks, and on one of those walks last week, he allowed as how he would be doing some campaigning soon. He won't try and cover as much ground as Barry Goldwater, but he'll have an opportunity to meet folks who just might "want to hear from us." He'll have kind words for all the Democratic candidates, but he will not want us to think that he is being partisan. Uncle Lyndon's not mad at anybody; everybody can come to *his* party. He hopes we will also understand that he does not like to engage in personalities, although of course he knows that we know that he is aware there is another man running for the Presidency, on some ticket or other.

Why does the President campaign? Why do birds fly? It's expected of them. They enjoy it. And then there are those frightening opinion polls. When they read them, the Democrats are frightened because they are so far ahead; too many people may think it doesn't matter whether they vote or not. The friends of Goldwater are frightened because they can't imagine how their man can ever catch up. Nor can we. Gallup last September 16 found Johnson the preferred choice of 68 percent of those polled, Goldwater 32 percent. The Republican nominee's own private poll gives him only 29 to Johnson's 63. (To appreciate the width of this gap, in 1936 Franklin Roosevelt got 60.8 percent of the popular vote, Alf Landon, 36.54 percent, Roosevelt took all but two states.) Gallup had reported earlier, on September 6, that 27 percent of the Republicans in the country were ready to vote for LBJ, while only eight percent of the Democrats thought they would switch to the GOP this year.

For those who like a strong dash of unpredictability in their politics, this campaign has no kick in it. They feel it reached its peak before it began, with Goldwater's nomination in San Francisco. There was a brief flurry of interest when the President did what most observers thought he would do, picked Hubert Humphrey, but thereafter everything has seemed anti-climactic. The Bobby Baker scandal has hurt the President, but it has not set the nation's moral pulse to beating wildly. There was a twitch of excitement when it was learned that Congressman William Miller has taken money from a company whose interests he served as a legislator. The trouble with that scandal is that some Democratic Congressmen do the same.

But there are worse things than boredom, and the purpose of a political campaign, after all, is not to entertain, or even, primarily, to

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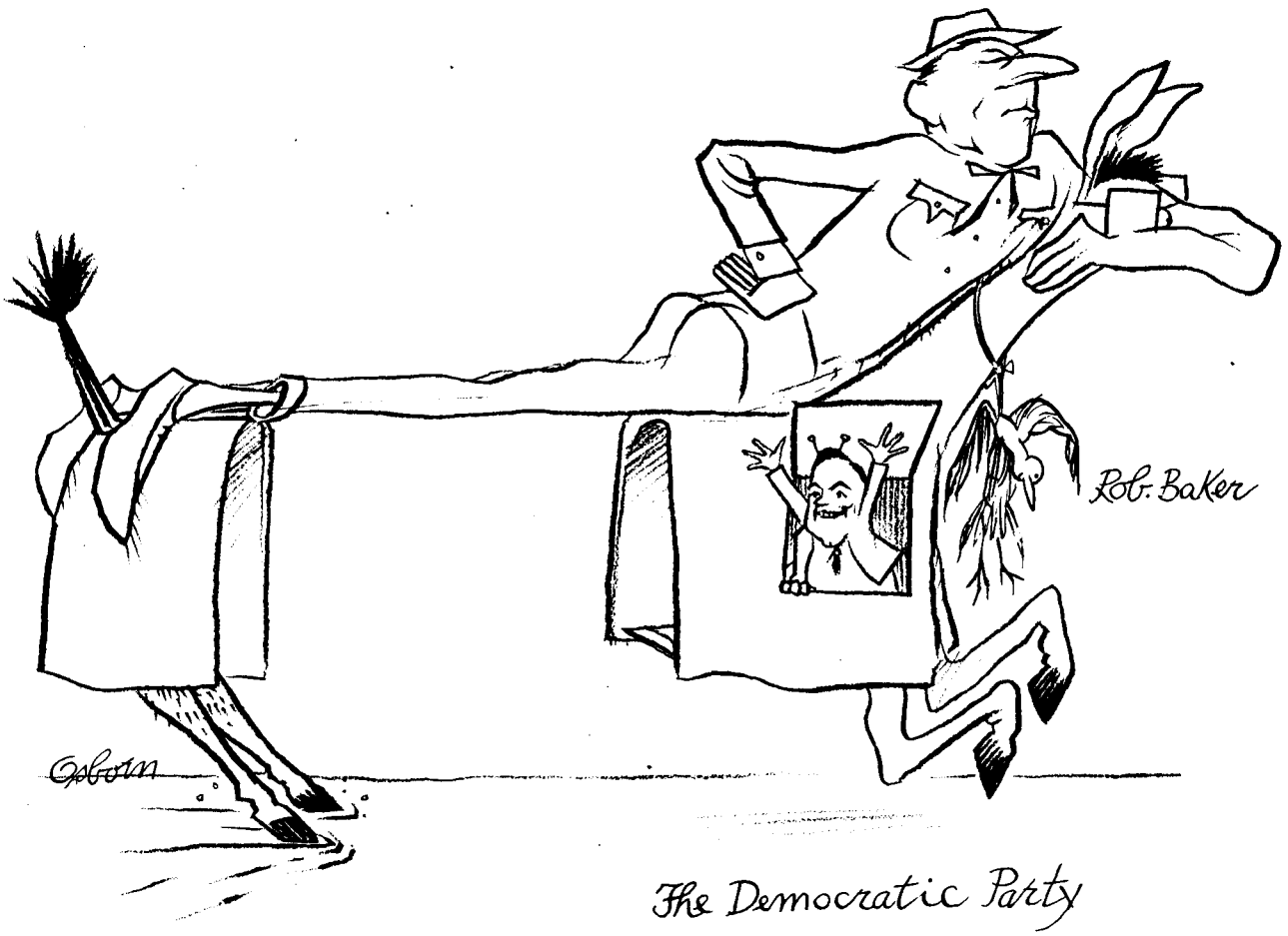
enlighten us. Its purpose is to produce a decision, and if the decision of the electorate in 1964 is a crushing repudiation of Goldwaterism, a repudiation so massive that its meaning is unmistakable abroad, in Congress, and within the Republican Party itself, the campaign would be worth all the boredom anyone may have had to endure.

Can one count on Mr. Goldwater's help in producing this result? We believe so. All he needs to do is go on talking. Demanding a debate he will not get, reeling off one absurdity after another, he begins to seem not so much dangerous as ludicrous. Walter Lippmann has thrown up his hands in despair. Goldwater is against a tax cut, and wants one. He is against the Kerr-Mills approach to medical care for the aged, and he is for it. He is against the United Nations, but he favors it. He hopes to God that nobody will vote for him because they are bigoted, and in the South he embraces the high priest of racism, Strom Thurmond, and twangs all the notes the white segregationists are dying to hear. He's a "peacemonger" who recommends getting tougher with scores of countries and allowing field commanders to decide when and where to use atomic weapons. He asks us to be realistic about Soviet Communism and then states as fact that "much of modern industrial Russia is a creation of the American taxpayer." "What, in the name of sanity, does he mean?" Mr. Lippmann would rightly like to know.

That's a fair question. And it is not unanswerable. One can, from time to time, catch hold of Goldwater's meaning. And at those moments, we know, in our hearts, as he says, how wrong it is to conclude, as has the Very Reverend Francis Sayre Jr., Dean of the Washington Cathedral, that the electorate this year has only a "sterile choice." It never had a more pregnant one. If this campaign is proving not to be a charm contest or a brilliant rhetorical duel, it may be something more significant – a real conflict between two fundamentally divergent views on what the public business is and how it should be conducted. The Republican nominee wants the people to know that if they vote Republican *this* time, they will be voting for radically different policies. Social security; minimum wages; federal concern for schooling, recreation, civil rights, unemployment; the United Nations; foreign aid; coexistence; firm civilian control of the military – all are wrong, he insists, and must be dumped or done over. "Sterile choice"?

The Great Manipulator from Johnson City, Texas, is no Pericles; the 1964 political drama is short on suspense and inspiration; but no sensible man can believe this campaign lacks meaning – or novelty. Never before in our history have we had a Presidential candidate who invited us to reject so much that is so good in our past, and did it in the name of conservatism.



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Vietnam–A Way Out

Senator Goldwater takes an understandable interest in South Vietnam. That country and Goldwater's election campaign both face disaster, but if Goldwater could point to a way out of the Vietnam mess he might pick up some extra votes. Unfortunately for him, Goldwater judging by his remarks on the subject has no good idea for dealing with the problem of Southeast Asia. Assuming that the United States tried to stop the rot in South Vietnam by attacking supply lines in either North Vietnam or China, which is what Goldwater seems to hint at, what would happen? Very likely, the US would find itself fighting a vastly extended type of Korean War. Such a war could not be "won," in the Goldwater sense, without the US striving to bring about the total collapse and replacement of the present Peking government. Long before that, World War III would have begun, for the one sure way to put an abrupt end to the great and growing schism in the world Communist camp would be for America to launch an armed attack on China.

South Vietnam is now in a state almost of political liquescence. A National Constituent Assembly is supposed to be named before the end of October; but meantime the wretched Saigon regime of generals is under constant and humiliating harassment by labor unions, students, rebel mountaineering tribes seeking to set up an independent state, Buddhists and Roman Catholics, as well as the Viet Cong who now collect taxes in 40 of South Vietnam's 43 provinces. In short, in South Vietnam the images conventionally associated with the concepts of government and guerrilla are in imminent danger of being switched. The guerrillas instead of being faceless figures flitting through forests have come to exercise considerable and apparently growing authority throughout the country, whereas the Saigon government is virtually isolated. The aspiration of the Viet Cong always has been to achieve political legitimacy. Long ago all-Vietnamese elections were proposed – which the South opposed – and none other than General Eisenhower once said that if such elections were held the Communists might get most of the votes. All the fighting since then seems to have accomplished nothing. The US any day may be asked by a civilian neutralist government in South Vietnam to get out, so that the South can end its civil war by hailing the North Vietnam Communist leader Ho Chi Minh as the father of a united country.

The US could of course pick up its marbles and quit right now. But this would mean the Communists getting all they want, on their terms. A better alternative is for the US to participate in negotiations. It has been argued that for the US to seek to negotiate would amount to virtual shameless surrender; but surely this is nonsense. The US is still the strongest power in Asia, and while its military strength has not had much success with South Vietnam guerrillas, Ho Chi Minh dares not ignore it. He must know, and should be told again, that the present situation constitutes a great danger to North Vietnam, for so long as things are so confused there is always the chance of international war, as the Tonkin Bay incidents showed. If it comes to war, industrialized North Vietnam will lose in a few hours all it has built in 10 years. Therefore it is in North Vietnam's interest to discuss pacification of the area. If North Vietnam agreed to do so, this would probably mean another international conference, of the sort that have been held before, in Geneva, to try to work out solutions for Southeast Asia. The US has been consistently cool to proposals like this. But such a conference might give Washington more diplomatic leverage than it had the last time there were Geneva talks, and more than it can hope to have so long as no talking is taking place but the Saigon set-up is visibly falling apart. At the last Geneva conference that concerned Vietnam, 10 years ago, the split between Russia and China had not appeared; nor was it much in evidence at the 1962 conference over Laos. Today the row between the two big Communist powers, which is essentially a row about lowering of international tensions with Russia in favor and China apparently against, might well be taken advantage of by the US; and North Vietnam might relish it, too, rather than being entirely dependent on China.

No settlement will be easily reached. On the way to one, there are bound to be many brawls, beating of breasts, fiery denunciations of "paper tigers" and stern vows never to yield an inch. North Vietnam would probably declare, at first, that it has no responsibility whatever for the doings of the Viet Cong in South Vietnam. Nevertheless there is at least a chance that out of it all might come a Vietnam no longer at war but not Chinese Communist controlled either. And this is the best bargain the US can hope for, if there is still time in which to get it.

COMING: *Murray Kempton reviews and comments on the report of the Warren Commission*

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Sean O'Casey

Sean O'Casey, who died on September 18 at 84, has long been a presence among us in the wonderful way of all great Irish literary personalities – shedding warmth wherever they go and forever being quoted in the newspapers saying puckish or sassy things. Yet it is not just O'Casey's death that makes one sad: his life did too. That he was not produced much on Broadway was the least of it: being ignored in that quarter is something he shares with most of the great dramatists of history. Much sadder is that there were not more plays to produce anywhere, or rather, that there were not more plays of the stamp of *The Plough and the Stars* and *Juno and the Paycock*. O'Casey declined during middle age, and since he had not been a precocious writer, the length of his days upon earth contrasts sharply with the brevity of his days as a first-rate playwright.

Did he later become a first-rate autobiographer? Perhaps. If his telling of his own life story is not marked by psychological or social acumen, nor by conspicuous candor, it contains scenes worthy of O'Casey's best plays and innumerable pages of the irresistible Irish charm. That it is the story only of the young O'Casey reinforces the point. How sad that a man for whom reality was so strongly identified with his youth should live to be so old! Not that the world ever grew tired of him; and to the end, we held out a doubtless mad hope that he would hit his stride again. He didn't. But it is a very great deal to have contributed two – possibly three – plays to the permanent repertoire, to have written a big autobiography of delight and distinction, and to have become a beloved figure to English-speaking people everywhere.

Coexistence Tuskegee

In 1960, the Supreme Court ruled that the state of Alabama acted unlawfully when it gerrymandered Tuskegee's city limits so as to exclude 3,000 of the city's 5,000 Negroes. That ruling made it possible for there to be 1,133 registered Negroes in Tuskegee this year, barely outbalancing the 1,029 registered white voters. The lead was slim, but the opportunity was there to make real that nightmare of Southern white segregationists – an all-Negro city government. And indeed, a Negro movement to take over the town did develop. It was countered, however, by formidable and successful opposition, not from whites, but from Negroes who preferred coexistence. They organized the Tuskegee Civic Association, which in the (Macon) county election last May supported four Negro candidates (school board, board of revenues and two justices of the peace posts), all of whom won, and white candidates in three other races, including sheriff, and these white candidates also won.

In the Tuskegee elections of last August 11, the Civic Association endorsed two Negro and three white candidates for city council. It offered no candidate and took no sides among the whites running for mayor. The three white candidates won; the two Negro candidates were placed in runoff races with white opponents. In a letter to white voters, Dr. C. G. Gomillion, president of the Civic Association and a professor of sociology at Tuskegee Institute, warned that if there were no white support, the town "might as well expect . . . the beginning of an all-out effort on the part of Negroes to take over the government of the city and county, in which now Negroes are willing to share."

Both of the Negro candidates won in the run-off earlier this month, having received the votes of something more than 100 white citizens of Tuskegee.

Is It Constitutional?

A three-judge federal court in Birmingham has held that the Public Accommodations Title of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 is unconstitutional as applied to a neighborhood restaurant. The Act is made applicable to restaurants, under the power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce, if (1) they serve interstate travelers or (2) a substantial portion of the food they sell has come in from other states. The Birmingham federal court has said that Congress lacks constitutional authority to regulate the affairs – or at least the racial practices – of restaurants in the second category.

As a statement of what the established, oft-repeated law of the Commerce Clause actually is under relevant Supreme Court decisions, the Birmingham holding is flatly wrong. It would, if accepted, put in question much of the ordinary administration of such federal statutes as the National Labor Relations Act, the Wages and Hours Law and the laws regulating agricultural production, to mention only a few.

Another three-judge federal court, sitting in Atlanta last July, upheld application of the Public Accommodations Title to a restaurant, and a majority of the judges specifically passed on the exact issue on which the Birmingham case turned. These judges were content to follow the law as declared by the Supreme Court. The Atlanta case is to be heard in the Supreme Court early in October, and we may be sure it will be affirmed. The more recent Birmingham case may be ready for argument in the Supreme Court at about the same time, and we may be equally sure that it will be reversed. Justice Black last week promptly stayed execution of the Birmingham judgment.

Meanwhile the cause of voluntary compliance with the Civil Rights Act will have been set back somewhat,

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as it is bound to be whenever spurious respectability is lent to the arguments of the diehards that the Act is unconstitutional. For this we have to thank members of that minority of Southern federal judges who have before now given evidence of their lack of sympathy with the race relations policy of the federal government which they serve and represent; in this case, Circuit Judge Walter P. Gewin of Alabama, an appointee, sad to relate, of the late President Kennedy, and District Judge Seybourn Lynn of Alabama, a Truman creation, who last summer came very near to singlehandedly preventing even the token integration of Birmingham schools.

Satellite Killer

President Johnson's announcement that the US has successfully modified two existing missiles to give them the demonstrated capability of knocking down hostile bomb-carrying satellites (if the Soviets should be so foolish as to attempt orbital blackmail) comes as no surprise to readers of *The New Republic*, although it might well to Senator Goldwater, to the Military Editor of *The Reader's Digest* and others who have claimed that space poses a grave military threat.

The May 4, 1963, issue of *The New Republic*, in an article entitled "That Attack from Space," debunked the false alarms and suggested that "the Nike-Zeus missile is being groomed for an anti-satellite role." Its first successful satellite intercept test took place that very month, following a year's work by the Army and its industrial contractors. The article predicted that hostile satellites "would be relatively easy targets to knock down," a statement which subsequent events have confirmed.

Yet in August, 1963, the feature article in *The Reader's Digest* by Military Editor Francis Vivian Drake, described how a nuclear weapon exploded in orbit could "literally cremate a large part of the United States," a completely fanciful statement. Drake went on to warn that "it must come as a stunning shock to all thoughtful Americans to learn *the United States has no top-priority programs beamed at preventing, anticipating or deterring such a terrifying prospect.*" (Italics in original.) At the time this article appeared, the Army had already completed its Nike-Zeus-satellite intercept tests and the Air Force was readying a longer-range satellite interceptor, a Thor ballistic missile with three solid rockets strapped on for added speed, for its first tests. Thus, in August, 1963, there were not one but two satellite interceptor missile programs in existence.

This would explain why the late President Kennedy confidently responded to initial overtures by Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko at the UN on September 19 when he proposed a ban on placing nuclear weapons in space.

But Major-General (Reserve) Goldwater, who seems to have excellent formal and informal ways for finding out what is going on in the military services, bitterly denounced the agreement to bar nuclear weapons from space. He warned that this action "places us at the mercy of Russia should attack come from that quarter" – *i.e.* space.

President Johnson was perhaps anticipating a renewal of these charges in coming weeks when he released the news of our newly-acquired anti-satellite capability. The disclosure may also have been spurred by the report, later denied, that Premier Khrushchev had described a new "terrible weapon which could destroy all mankind" to some Japanese visitors.

Top Pentagon strategists, including some in the Air Force, have never been too worried that the Soviets might place a nuclear weapon into orbit. The reason is simple: Existing Soviet ICBM's can deliver far larger warheads, far more accurately and with far less risk of being intercepted by our defenses. This is why our Air Force has never seriously proposed that we should develop a bomb-carrying satellite. There remained, however, the remote possibility that the USSR might take such a step, perhaps only for blackmail purposes.

For a modest $80 million, modest compared to the cost of most new military projects, the US now has developed weapons which can cope even with this unlikely possibility. Although Defense Secretary McNamara declines to reveal deployment details on the grounds of military security, it is safe to assume that a modest number of these satellite killers are now in place in the Pacific at the Nike-Zeus test sites on Kwajalein Island and nearby Johnston Island.

Why the Drive To Raise Cattle Prices Failed

Some measure of the isolation of the American farmer from the rest of the population may be read from the fact that contract negotiations by the United Auto Workers have rivaled the Presidential campaign for headlines, while the meat strike by members of the militant National Farmers Organization across 23 Midwestern states was almost totally ignored until two NFO members were killed in a demonstration in Wisconsin last month.

The parallel with the UAW is appropriate because the NFO program is essentially collective bargaining for agriculture. NFO members are refusing to sell livestock in an attempt to force processors to sign "Master Contracts." Under these contracts, the NFO would

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supply beef and hogs of specified quality in specified quantities year round in exchange for guaranteed prices covering cost of production plus a "reasonable" profit. The efforts of the NFO are designed to raise cattle prices by about 30 percent, and to revolutionize the system of selling farm products.

Under the present system, livestock prices are determined each day as packers bid for animals arriving at giant terminal markets like those in Chicago and Omaha. Farmers ship without knowing what prices will be when their animals arrive; selling is handled by commission agents. In practice, the farmer takes whatever the buyer offers, because it is impractical to delay or have livestock shipped home again. Cattle must be sold at optimum weights, or the cost of putting on excess fat will eat up profits.

During the past year, the profit margin has ceased to exist for most cattle feeders. Beef prices have undergone what some farm economists consider the most severe slump in history. Prices have dropped lower in some earlier periods, but the impact was always cushioned by the diversity of old-fashioned "mixed" farming. Today, livestock feeding is so specialized that feeders have little protection against price breaks. Cattle must be sold at lighter weight than in the past to satisfy housewives and supermarkets, who object to paying for fat; and, since most cattle feeders need all the grain they can grow, they seldom participate in the government programs of land retirement and price supports that provide other farmers with a measure of insurance.

It was against this background that the NFO called its latest holding action late in the summer. Even though the market had been improving slightly, the cattle population remained impossibly high and long-range prospects are for more low prices. The time seemed right for withholding beef from the market. Though NFO membership figures are secret, educated guesses put the number at about 150,000 and during the early days of the strike things seemed to be going well. Cattle receipts at major markets dropped, and prices began to inch upward.

Evangelistic in their zeal and loyalty, NFO members neglected the harvest to demonstrate at stockyards and to visit neighbors and urge their cooperation with the holdout.

Unfortunately for the NFO, early success contained the seeds of later failure. When prices rose, non-members hastened to sell, receipts returned to normal and prices leveled off. It was pretty much a repetition of what had happened during other holding actions. The strike goes on, but most observers outside the NFO give it very little chance of success.

Why hasn't the NFO program succeeded? NFO officials have two answers: farmers have been so propagandized about the evil of labor unions that they will not give rational consideration to methods they associate with unions; and conspiratorial activity by processors conceals the true impact of holding actions, and discourages farmers who might cooperate. The NFO accused the packers of trucking loads of cattle from market to market to make supplies appear normal. Also, the NFO says, cattle are marketed before they are ready, and huge processor-owned feedlots are kept full of cattle to be used as strikebreakers.

Processors and the leaders of conservative farm organizations deny all this. They say the NFO program simply won't work because the law of supply and demand controls food prices: if beef prices are raised artificially, consumers will eat other things.

In the final analysis, the real reason for the NFO's lack of success probably lies in the nature of the farmer himself. For one thing, the NFO has been haunted by violence. The two Wisconsin members who were killed, died under the wheels of a cattle truck being driven through a crowd of demonstrators who were trying to prevent shipments to a local stockyard. Elsewhere, the NFO has been linked with barn-burning, fence-cutting, gunfire at trucks bound for market, tire-slashing, and the dynamiting of livestock sales facilities. Most of the charges have been unproved and NFO leaders deplore violence, yet the stories and incidents persist. Conservative by tradition, many farmers recoil from what they regard as a fanatical organization.

More fundamental is the fact that the farmer measures out his life in hours on a tractor, and sees himself in a lonely contest with the indifferent workings of sun and rain. He has very little in common with the factory worker, for whom cooperative group action is built into the rhythm of every working day. Farmers say they want freedom to make their own decisions. And they have the distinction of matching declaration with deeds. Thus far, they have been unwilling to yield the measure of freedom necessary to ease their plight; barring some catastrophe like the dust-bowl drought, it seems unlikely that they ever will. If the NFO is an exercise in futility, as its critics say, it is also symptomatic of the economic sickness of agriculture. The NFO is not a commercial organization, it is a religion, and the desperate evangelism of its members bespeaks the fact that a sizable number of family farmers see themselves in a struggle for survival. The alternatives to the present system of family farms are not altogether appealing. More and more land will belong to fewer and fewer men. It may be, as NFO leaders warn, that the country will awake to find that a few giants have integrated production, processing and retailing. At that point the consumer may find himself with as little voice in what he pays for food as the farmer now has in what he gets paid for it.

RICHARD T. COOPER

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Barry Fights Crime

But You'd Never Know It from the Record

by James Ridgeway

"Nothing prepares the way for tyranny more than the failure of public officials to keep the streets safe from the bullies and marauders," Mr. Goldwater declared at the Cow Palace. How, he has asked, could a candidate brush aside the fact that there are two and a quarter million serious crimes committed in the nation each year (St. Petersburg, September 15). Are the American people aware that the crime rate has been going up steadily, 10 percent in 1963, and now in the first six months of this year by 15 percent? It is rising at a rate five times faster than the population. Why? Because of rot at the top, which has rapidly spread downward. First it was Bobby Baker. Then there was the spectacle of Mr. Stevenson, our UN Ambassador, exhorting students to break the law. "In the great struggle to advance civil and human rights," Stevenson had said, "even a jail sentence is no longer a dishonor but a proud achievement." This, says Goldwater, is appalling; the Ambassador comes near to suggesting that extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice! The highest elected officials have no respect for law! And while that clever compromiser in Washington walks his dogs, the nation's capital itself is being consumed by crime. We are headed toward the law of the jungle.

Now, a President and his associates, Mr. Goldwater admonishes, must be like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. A Goldwater Administration, he promises, would tear at the roots of the breakdown in law enforcement. For example, the Supreme Court must give back to the states and local law enforcers the powers it has usurped. Has not the Court ruled that no evidence can be used if police investigators make some mistake – any mistake – in gathering the evidence, and that this rule must hold even if it means that an obviously guilty defendant will go free? That ruling, Goldwater says, is squarely contrary to common law and to constitutional law. The Supreme Court, he notes, has ordered that a criminal conviction should be reversed if it is shown that some technical violation of constitutional rights occurred anywhere in the course of investigation and trial; the Court has held that a confession made by a state prisoner is inadmissible because his lawyer was not present when it was made; the Court seems to say that a criminal defendant must be given a sporting chance to go free even though nobody in his heart doubts that the defendant is guilty.

The Mallory rule in the District of Columbia is a special Goldwater target. That rule holds that any statement made by a defendant to police officers is inadmissible if arraignment is delayed; and Goldwater points out, in the five years since Mallory, robberies in the District increased by 115 percent. Is the connection not clear between crime and coddling of criminals? The nation's capital ranks third out of 16 comparable cities in the number of robberies; it is a place of shame and dishonor, reflecting directly on the lack of integrity in the White House.

There we have it. This is Goldwater's pitch on law and order. He is trying to knot together the crime rate, Negro militance, the civil rights movement, and in the process attack the Supreme Court for trying to protect the rights of a defendant at a criminal trial – rights that once were at the heart of conservatism. Now they're not important. Indeed, they're dangerous.

In rebuttal, the Acting Attorney General Nicholas deB. Katzenbach has suggested that there is little relationship between a city's crime rate and the size of its Negro population. Goldwater talks about crime in Washington where Negroes account for 54 percent of the population; but in Goldwater's own town of Phoenix, where the population is 95 percent white, the crime rate is a third higher than in Washington. Moreover, during the first six months of this year, crime in the suburbs – where few Negroes dwell – went up 28 percent; crime in the cities increased by half that rate. A city such as New York, where there was a good deal of civil rights agitation, had a lower rate than Los Angeles which had fewer demonstrations. Philadelphia, long plagued with Negro unrest, has a relatively low crime rate among larger cities. The three highest centers of crime, ahead of Phoenix, are Las Vegas, Los Angeles and Miami. Washington, on which Goldwater has centered his fire, ranks 13th among larger cities.

Crimes against property – robbery, burglary, auto theft, larceny – account for 90 percent of all crime, and these are the crimes which have risen most sharply.

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Crimes against the person have climbed much more slowly. (Murder and rape last year increased by one percent each – a bit more than the increase in population.)

We know that the 15-to-24-year-old age bracket is growing far faster than the rest of the population and that people between these ages account for 70 percent of all arrests for serious crimes. Young people commit most of the crimes against property: in Washington, for instance, half of all robberies are committed by teenagers under 17; in New York, more than three-fourths of all auto thefts are by persons under 21.

The Mallory Decision

Who and what is to be blamed? The Democratic Administration, says the Republican candidate for President. "Under the last Republican Administration Washington became a symbol of peaceful progress and was not so stricken by crime," he said at Minneapolis. Actually District crime took a sharp jump in 1957, Mr. Eisenhower's fifth year – the same year the Supreme Court handed down the Mallory decision. And has that decision been responsible for making our streets unsafe? The rule forbids the police to interrogate prisoners for long periods of time before taking them before a magistrate for charging. This is to make sure a defendant's rights aren't abused in police questioning, which, of course, they frequently have been throughout the country. It seems a reasonable rule, unless one thinks that when a constable wants to give us the third degree to get a confession, *his* right to do so should prevail over anyone else's rights. But aside from all questions of justice, the fact is that crime rates have been going up in the suburbs where the Mallory rule is *not* in effect, as well as within the District, where it is.

Since a great many people whose job it is to observe and deal with crime are attributing its rise to an increase among young people and their delinquency, there has lately been an understandable concern throughout the nation with the ramshackle institutions which educate children, take them in charge when they get out of hand and employ them. The government has been led to involve itself on an increasing scale in social welfare work. But Senator Goldwater finds that appalling too. His views are well known by now: Education should be no federal concern since it is a "voluntary thing"; Social Security should be either revised or done away with; Medicare is unnecessary; there is no poverty ("Do you know of anyone living in such abject poverty that they are miserable?"); unwed mothers are professional welfare chiselers. His most celebrated attack came at the Economic Club of New York earlier this year: "It is my chore to ask you to consider the toughest proposition ever faced by believers in the free enterprise system: The need for a frontal attack against Santa Claus . . . the Santa Claus of the free lunch, the government handout, the Santa Claus of something for nothing and something for everyone."

Goldwater has voted accordingly: against the civil rights bill, the poverty bill, a youth conservation corps; against providing funds to train unemployed youths; against funds to build schools, provide scholarships and help pay teachers' salaries. He voted against public housing, the manpower training program, unemployment compensation and an increase in the minimum wage. But he is against crime.

Some children become truants because they are hungry; they steal. Goldwater voted against providing them and other poor children with free school lunches. He is for local government (that's the way to handle crime), but he voted against giving residents of Washington the ballot in Presidential elections; and as for self-government, well, he would like to vote for home rule in the original District, but nobody lives there any more. "It's mostly businesses and hotels and so forth." He voted against a bill which would have permitted recipients of public welfare to earn $50 a month or less without having this amount deducted from their benefits, thus deserting a principle for which he has so long spoken – that every man on his own must haul himself up from the bottom.

The truth of the matter is that Goldwater's interest in crime is as superficial as it is recent. He was absent in 1961 when the Senate voted on six measures in the Attorney General's crime package aimed at interstate racketeers. He showed up to vote for a bill to tighten control over union welfare funds, but did not vote when the Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Offense Control Act was before the Senate. The passage of this bill has permitted the government subsequently to spend $55 million in seeking ways to get at the delinquency problem. Goldwater was on the committee that reported this legislation; here was his chance to help fight crime. He showed little interest one way or the other in it.

One major factor in the rising crime rate among young people is narcotics addiction. Large quantities of narcotics come into the country through the Southwest from Mexico. Here is another area where the Senator from Arizona could make a special contribution to his state and to the nation. For the past 35 years there has been an open, growing traffic in opium across the boundaries of Southwestern states, including Arizona. Lawmen have traveled into Mexico and observed large poppy fields and numerous refining plants which manufacture narcotics for the American market. A number of these plants purchased their equipment, used, from the University of Arizona. In March of 1962 two investigators from Senator Thomas Dodd's juvenile delinquency subcommittee met Lee E. Echols, sheriff of

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Yuma County, Arizona, and a top narcotics man. They crossed into Mexico and easily made two contacts with heroin traffickers. They arranged to buy some drugs, and a contact told them the best way to complete the deal would be for them to return to Nogales, Arizona, check into a motel, and pick up the dope at a drop point where it was flown in.

There is also a racket in dangerous drugs. They are shipped legally across the Arizona border to Mexico by American firms, then illegally sold and smuggled back into the US. The people who do the smuggling are liable to the same penalties as someone who fails to pay duty on sugar or shoes. On two different occasions in 1963, Dodd asked Goldwater if he would join with him in urging federal action to stifle this trade. One was a joint resolution calling on the President to set up a joint US-Mexican commission to recommend solutions for stopping the flow of narcotics and dangerous drugs; the other was a bill which would make a distinction between criminals who make a business of smuggling dangerous drugs and the tourist who takes an alcoholic beverage through customs without declaring it. On both occasions Goldwater told Dodd's office he wasn't interested.

After Mr. Kennedy was murdered with a mail-order rifle, there was short-lived enthusiasm for putting through Congress legislation, also sponsored by Dodd, to prohibit interstate mail-order sale of firearms to children, convicted criminals and the mentally deranged. But like many other Westerners – both Democrats and Republicans – Goldwater is opposed to any gun regulations. He is one of three members of the Senate who are life members of the National Rifle Association, a group of sportsmen who lobby against any legislative restrictions which they feel would impinge on their right to bear arms.

Fearful that they were about to be disarmed and perhaps be overwhelmed by Communists who were cleverly infiltrating the country, the citizens of Arizona jumped to the defense of guns. "The gun is the standard of freedom," declared Thurman Gibson of Bagdad, one of three Arizonans who were made so distraught by Dodd's proposed legislation that they jumped into a car and drove night and day to testify against it. "There is a problem when we own guns," said another citizen from Arizona. "Somebody is going to get shot. Well, this is part of the price we are going to have to pay in order to have freedom."

Freedom to do what? The homicide rate of Phoenix is twice that of New York, and second only to Dallas itself. More than half the Phoenix murders are committed with firearms.

The officials of Goldwater's home town got worried because there was so much crime, much of which it was believed could be attributed to juveniles. So they got in a tougher juvenile judge. In a recent case, two Mexican-American boys were involved in an auto accident in which a white Arizona resident was killed. The two boys were sent to adult court, where they were deprived of special protection afforded youthful offenders. In another case, a 15-year-old white boy shot and killed two Mexican-Americans standing in a ditch. He said he just felt like it, and was promptly trundled off to a mental hospital from which he escaped. On the other hand, in another case, a Mexican-American killed a white prostitute. He was quickly tried, sentenced to death and executed.

Goldwater on crime is a phony. He talks about how law is the "pillar of domestic security." Then he turns around and says, "The violence [in the streets] will grow until Americans know that conscience and heart, not laws and conflict, are the answer and will be given a chance to be the answer." Yesterday it was the law; today it is the heart; tomorrow, who knows?

Regulating AT&T

by Asher Brynes

More than a generation in the future, *after* the 35 years American Telephone & Telegraph Chairman Frederick R. Kappel figures it will take to install the new electronic switchgear the company announced last week, it will proclaim a still bigger miracle. Bell System management people have been talking about it for some time, but entirely among themselves. When all the electronic machinery is in place, the flexibility and cost of telephone service will be so improved that unlimited, unitemized service will be feasible. Subscribers will be

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billed monthly first for local, then nationwide, finally unlimited international service too. For by that time the cost of the accounting operations that go into the preparation of itemized telephone bills may be greater than the cost of providing the varied services that the technology of electronics could make possible now, in theory.

The Bell System is essentially an engineering operation staffed by men of long views. Its research subsidiary, the Bell Telephone Laboratories, is probably the finest industrial research establishment in the country. Technically, it is on top of its business, all phases of it, and this applies as well to the company's dealings with the government appointees and civil servants who try to regulate its earnings. Senior officials of AT&T who devote their time to arguing with the public utility commissions, state and federal, are paid seven to ten times as much as the government people.

The Bell System has already spent $100 million on electronics and Chairman Kappel thinks the changeover will finally cost $12 billion. But AT&T can afford it.

In my first article I pointed out that AT&T, though it is a government-regulated monopoly, manages to earn each year about half a billion dollars more than the Federal Communications Commission says is reasonable and fair. AT&T's profit rate on its interstate operations seems to stay stubbornly several percentage points ahead of the 7.25 percent recommended by the FCC. On AT&T's net profit volume on its interstate business, even half a percentage point means $50 million to the company.

Again, although the Bell System is a unified system, yet the spread between the high and low earnings of the company, as measured by its rates of return on local service within the separate states, is more than 35 percent. This means that the citizens of some states are being outrageously overcharged for local telephone calls and others are getting away with murder.

Compare telephone rates in the various states, and a curious fact emerges. The average, 1958-63, of 49 different states rates of profit on local telephone services was 6.9 percent; but the composite rate of return of all AT&T's affiliates which provide phone service in all those jurisdictions was 7.42 percent. This means that the state commissions generally fall behind in carrying out their function of controlling the profits of utilities. If these "sovereign" state commissions functioned in an independent way, we would expect to find an even distribution of the various rates of profit permitted in their jurisdictions on telephone service.

The AT&T system is shielded by its enormous complication. Nobody knows how to calculate an exactly adequate rate of return, even by using the biggest computer. One would have to know as exactly, the cost of providing the service in the future. The FCC itself, as its official reports indicate, has been aiming at a 7.25 percent rate for the AT&T's interstate operations. It as constantly misses this objective when making rate adjustments or when revising the so-called "separations" procedures, and the miss is generally by a factor of about 0.5 percent; that is, the record shows the company consistently makes 7.8 percent on interstate business. And the company as a whole shows a composite rate of return on its nationwide intrastate business that is distorted to the same degree, about 0.5 percent. The fact that this pair of rates is separated by a similar amount of distortion is perhaps no accident.

Collaboration with FCC

The company keeps its books on all operations, local as well as long distance, according to accounting procedures revised in the first instance, in a continuous collaboration between itself and the FCC. The result is legally binding on the federal agency only. Yet most of the state commissions accept it without further question. This is a consequence of that basic fact about the business which the company formally defines in this way: "The Bell System is a unified system. With minor exceptions, all of the [affiliated] companies use the same switching systems, the same telephones, etc., all produced by the same manufacturer [Western Electric, an affiliate]. They all use the same brand operating practices." And it goes on to add, "Should any unusual event occur which should be reflected in the depreciation rates of all [operating] companies, the FCC is constantly in an informed position and equipped to take appropriate action."

The AT&T well understands the role of the federal agency as the unifying force in the regulation of the US telephone industry. Although this function is split up among a multitude of state commissions their regulating is influenced by a common factor: the FCC regulates *first*. As the company says, "In prescribing depreciation rates for all the Bell System companies, the FCC is prescribing rates for 87 percent of the telephone plant in the United States. *And the FCC staff, through their constant detailed reviews of the Bell System depreciation studies, are in a position to determine on a judgment basis whether independent [telephone] company depreciation rates fall within a reasonable range.*" (Italics added.) – Bell System comments . . . on the FCC, July, 1962.

A judgment basis? Whose judgment? The 2,700 independent telephone companies referred to are all outside the Bell System. Most of the smaller ones hardly

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This is the second of two articles about American Telephone and Telegraph, the largest business on earth.

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do any interstate business at all. But are they all expected to swim in the big company's backwash? They are. Thus AT&T, as a result of its special relationship with the FCC, influences the accounting basis for the determination of rates for telephone service by thousands of smaller companies throughout the United States including Alaska and Hawaii, where it has no subsidiaries at this time. The consequence is that there is the same looseness of 0.5 percent in the prevailing rates for interstate and intrastate telephone service despite the fact that one regulatory agency is involved in the former, and as many agencies as there are states in the latter.

But what is half of one percent worth in this business? In terms of net profit on the AT&T's interstate business alone, it works out, as we have seen, to $10 million per tenth of a point per year, or $50 million; and in AT&T's local business it is three times as much in addition. The sum total of this fraction's worth for the Bell System is $200 million. This is the proportion of its profit that is in part traceable to the uniform bookkeeping procedures which only a few of the state regulatory commissions, like California, venture to criticize.

And that leads to a further question: is the present 7.5 percent of profit for the entire system in recent years reasonable and fair? At the 1962 FCC hearing one of the utilities consultants hired by the Commission to testify in opposition to the company's witnesses presented elaborate statistical analyses to show that on the existing capital structure of the AT&T a rate of profit of 6.4 percent would be adequate and fair to the company's customers and investors alike. The FCC staff practically agreed (their estimate was 6.5 percent as a fair rate of profit for the company) in a memorandum that fell into the hands of Senator Estes Kefauver shortly before his death. The General Services Administration, the AT&T's biggest customer, has recommended earnings of no more than 6.6 percent. These slight disparities are accounted for by a difference of opinion over the allocation of greater profits to the interstate portion of the company's business on the ground that it is a more volatile type of service. Some experts hold that subscribers will cut down on long-distance calls in bad times. Others say that this assertion is unprovable.

The company maintained as on previous occasions that it needed exactly 8 percent. And the FCC concluded, as usual, by thanking one and all for contributing to its own enlightenment. It made no announcement of what it considered a fair return on AT&T's interstate business at that time. Nevertheless, some sort of regulatory action affecting the company is widely anticipated. So far this year, such interstate earnings averaged 8.10 percent, and barring a catastrophe, the rate of earnings on interstate services will average about 7.8 percent through 1964.

The California Public Utility Commission, in setting the rates for the portion of the Bell System functioning in that state, decided that profits of 6.3 percent were adequate to protect the interests of AT&T's stockholders and telephone users. This order was approved on a four-to-one vote of the Commissioners. It will stand because, for one thing, AT&T's California affiliate has flourished exceedingly, some would say excessively, on a nominal profit limit of 6.75 percent over the past seven years.

Through that period its California operating revenues rose from $672 million to $1.15 billion, and net operating income proportionately, from $90 million in 1957 to over $185 million in 1963. There are some 50 percent more AT&T telephones in California, indeed $1.34 billion more company plant and equipment in that state at the end of the seven years. And the company's witnesses at these hearings, the Commission's report says, could not remember any instance when the company's financing efforts in recent years "had been impeded in the slightest by its actual earnings." Certainly this Bell affiliate had no trouble in borrowing enormous sums of capital, and it has adhered to its traditional practice of financing about 65 percent of it through issuance of equity shares, and the remainder in the form of bonds.

Although AT&T's California operation looks healthy now, how will it appear after being held to a diet of profits reduced to the level of 6.3 percent? This affiliate is one of the largest in the system; it generates about a tenth of the operating revenues as a whole. The shock may be felt throughout the entire gigantic combine. But nobody knows. The California Commission itself does not claim certainty, but asserts that this is a reasonable inference, that it can live on so much less.

Regulation by Crystal Ball

The fact to keep in mind when considering all regulatory proceedings, whether they be state or federal, and whether they concern the telephone business or the operations of any other licensed monopoly, is that they are concluded by judgments which are essentially *predictions*. In that respect they are unlike judgments in courts of law. The regulatory commissions are charged with the responsibility of participating, on behalf of the public, in the final stage of the management of an economic process.

Nevertheless, the over-all profit, what we called the composite return to AT&T as a whole, *continues* to override the efforts of the state and federal regulators to cut it back. There are numerous estimates of what the public loses by this lackadaisical style of rate reg-

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ulation over the whole country; for the AT&T they currently run between $.4 and $.5 billion a year, the difference between the rates of return recommended by the FCC's public utility consultants and its staff (according to the Kefauver memorandum) and the GSA – 6.5 plus or minus one percent – and the percentage of profit, 7.5, that AT&T actually is allowed to keep. But the exact figure is not so important as the working out of a procedure for the reduction of this enormous margin of error in the regulation of this and other utilities. It arises out of uncertainty over the costs of running these gigantic enterprises in the future. They have succeeded in widening this uncertainty into a gap in the network of regulatory rules and requirements. It can only be closed by completing the logic of the practice of *continuous* surveillance and *interim* judgment that the regulatory commissions themselves have begun to work out.

In a few states local commissions can give public utilities in their jurisdictions notices that the rates charged by them are too high. The utilities can likewise claim that the rates allowed are too low. Pending investigation by the commissions, and the courts too if it should come to that, their disputed earnings are collected under bond. If refunds should be ordered, the money with which to pay them remains available. If the utility's claim for a rate increase is granted, the bond is allowed to lapse, and it keeps the increase it has been getting free and clear. The California Commission in the AT&T case did not give such notice beforehand because there was no legislation under which it could do so in that state. So it chose to rely on logic rather than law. It argued that when a utility is informed that it is under investigation, it has no right to assume that its rates will be changed only on completion of the investigation. The rates may be even lowered, beginning with the date on which the inquiry commenced.

The "Cushion" of Extra Profit

Between investigations the licensed monopolies enjoy, particularly at times when the nation's economy is expanding, the benefits of *lagging* regulation. AT&T's California subsidiary, it will be remembered, had been left alone since 1957. On the other hand it is fair to remember that utilities have suffered in periods of inflation when the value of the dollar has fallen faster than the regulators can adjust the rates upward. But such circumstances have been rare in recent times.

It is obviously more difficult to increase the rates for calls than to reduce them. The regulators figure that when hard times arrive, utilities with a cushion of past profits will be able to hold their rates on a stable level longer. But the trouble with the routine of ramshackle regulation as it is practiced today is that the "cushion" of extra profit is left in the sole ownership of the utilities; they may, indeed they do distribute as much of it as they think prudent to their stockholders. The result is that as long as the regulatory commissions allow this to occur, the utilities can dispose of an additional income above the exact rates of return that have been found to be reasonable by the commissions.

One way to encourage the commissions to truly regulate these licensed monopolies in the public interest would be to provide that surpluses in their profits accounts, earnings above their nominal rates of return, should be allocated, in the first instance, to an earnings stabilization fund. This fund should be limited to a sum of not less than twice the annual difference between the reasonable rate of return set by the public utility commission in that state, and the rate of profit actually realized by the operating company.

If in the future an increase in the charges for telephone service should be required in order to bring the company's rate of profit *up* to the level allowed by the commission, it will be able to act in the two years permitted by the existence of the fund. At the same time the existence of the fund would assure shareholders of public utilities a *stable* income as long as there is reasonable stability in the economy itself, along with the greater safety of principal which they fairly expect from such investments. That should embolden the regulators who sit on the public utility commissions, state and federal, to regulate them closely, without any under-the-counter allowances or slippages between fact and fiction. They may even take pride in regulating these licensed monopolies so rigorously that the two-year difference in the amounts of profit the utilities are allowed to earn, and the amounts they actually make, will become small and the earnings stabilization funds accumulated under this rule will diminish. But the public will continue to benefit from prompt reductions in the prices which are charged for public utility services throughout.

Doubtless in time we will ultimately have to adopt a minimum rule setting the percentages of recent earnings below which the amounts in stabilization funds should not be allowed to fall. But by that time the regulatory commissions will be able to rule on this matter on a basis of actual experience.

This is a modified version of what used to be known as the Washington plan (it was devised in the District of Columbia and was subsequently adopted by other state commissions). It was abandoned by the District – after 24 years of use – only in the galloping inflation of the late forties. This arrangement cannot cope with conditions in which costs fluctuate sharply. It deserves another trial now, when we have a relatively stable economy.

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Walk Through Warsaw

by Louis J. Halle

I recommend to all travelers a game that I often play when away from home. It can be played equally well alone or in company. The player supposes that he has just dropped onto the earth from the moon, and the challenge is to deduce from the evidence of his surroundings where on earth he has landed. The written or spoken word must ordinarily be excluded as evidence, since the game would be too easy if the player could take account of a road sign pointing, say, to Paris, or of the fact that everyone about him spoke Irish English. Any player who knows birds has an advantage, since he can draw conclusions from his knowledge of where the species he sees occur. Trees and wild flowers also provide clues. A knowledge of architectural styles may be decisive.

Playing this game in Poland during a recent five-day visit, it occurred to me to pose for myself a special question: How would I know that this is a Communist country? For this question the written word was allowed (short of looking up Poland in an encyclopedia).

The reader may be surprised, as I was, that in my five days I found nothing to prove that I was in a Communist country. I did find conspicuous signs that I was in a Roman Catholic country; and this, in itself, might have persuaded me that I was not in a Communist country. There were churches everywhere, and where one might have expected pictures of Marx or Lenin (of which I saw none) there were images of the Madonna with her child, and there were crucifixes. Wayside shrines were common in the country, with fresh flowers before them. Nuns and priests pursued their peaceful ways along the streets of Warsaw. On Sunday morning, excited little girls in white dresses were on their way to their first communion.

From a brochure in English, that had just been issued by the Polish government, I learned that Poland was governed by a Council of State made up of 17 members. Nine of these belonged to the Polish United Workers' Party, it said, five to the United Peasant Party and two to the Democratic Party, while the remaining one was a non-party deputy described as a "well-known Catholic writer." There was nothing here to tell me that the government had been formed in consequence of such an uprising of the proletariat as Marx had predicted, nothing to indicate that it represented the dictatorship of the proletariat, nothing to suggest that it was the fulfillment of any prediction contained in *The Communist Manifesto*.

The official emblem, which one saw everywhere, was not the hammer-and-sickle but the heraldic eagle that had been the emblem of Poland since the 13th Century. It looked fiercely imperial if not imperialistic. The words of the official national anthem, I learned, had been composed in 1797, and when I saw them in translation it was clear that what they represented was the nationalism that Marx had identified with the bourgeoisie. If, to balance these traditional symbols, there was any Communist propaganda on display, as in East Berlin, I did not find it.

I did not have that sense of being followed and watched with which I had become familiar, years before, under Latin American dictatorships. Nobody paid any attention to me even when I used my binoculars (to look at birds) about big military installations in the country. The London and Paris newspapers, together with the Paris editions of the *New York Times* and *Herald-Tribune*, were available on newsstands in Warsaw. A Hollywood movie, by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was being advertised on the hoardings.

The Vistula River runs through the eastern outskirts of Warsaw. It is wide and sandy, and it has a dark look about it. (Its banks were once clothed with dark forests out of which little bands of Teutonic knights would emerge.)

In 1944, the advancing Russian armies waited for two months on the east bank of the Vistula, in plain sight of the people of Warsaw, so that the retreating Nazi forces could have as much time as they needed to eliminate a resistance movement that was not under Stalin's control – to eliminate it by the simple device of extermination. Hitler's forces took full advantage of Stalin's courtesy in order systematically to destroy the buildings and the population of Warsaw, undertaking to obliterate the city from the face of the earth as the Romans had obliterated Carthage. When, at last, this had been sufficiently well accomplished to satisfy both Hitler and Stalin, the retreating Nazi Army marched westward out of what had been Warsaw while the advancing Red Army marched in from the east. A "people's government" was set up (now that the "enemies of the people" had been liquidated) and the immense job of reconstruction was begun.

The job of reconstruction was not yet completed on the twentieth anniversary of Poland's "liberation,"

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the day I arrived, but it had been accomplished in the main. What surprised me was the evidence I saw of the antiquarian taste displayed by the new government in its program of reconstruction. The churches must have had high priority; but what I have in mind especially is the decision to rebuild the old town of Warsaw exactly as it had been in the 18th Century. (Paintings of the old town by Canaletto were used as models.) The old city walls were largely rebuilt, and so were the old houses, so that today the market-square and its surrounding streets present one of the most charming antiquarian sites in Europe. At Jablonna, 20 kilometers out of Warsaw, an 18th Century rococco palace, the former seat of the archbishops, has been lovingly restored in all its gilt detail, and now serves, *inter alia*, as a club for diplomats.

Projects like this must have had a certain priority over housing projects and others that ministered to urgent needs of the people. Since Communists represent their movement as a complete break with the unworthy past, I would not have expected such manifestations of romantic nostalgia in a Communist regime. Nor would I have expected spiritual needs to be given priority over material needs.

Again, there was nothing in these observations to tell me that I was in a Communist country.

Something Old-Fashioned

I had the constant impression of something old-fashioned about the Polish scene. In the country the main highways were cobbled, as in days of old, the pavements being handmade in the absence of road-building machinery. Horse-drawn wagons (albeit with pneumatic tires) were as common as automobiles. The automobiles one saw resembled, in their outward design, the American cars of 20 years ago. At a minuscule night club patronized exclusively by university students (to which one of them took me), the young men were all neatly dressed, with jackets and neckties, as they no longer are, I believe, anywhere in the West. (My 17-year-old son looks far more proletarian at dances.) I had the impression that the dancing was that of a dozen years ago in the United States.

Warsaw is disfigured by a 30-story skyscraper, the Palace of Culture and Science, that towers over the city and is seen for many miles outside it. It was the gift of the Soviet Union, designed by a Soviet architect, and the Poles, at least those of good taste, are not happy about it. Its lines and proportions make it painful to look at. What struck me especially, however, was that, in its design and in its detail, it represents the skyscraper architecture of the West 50 years ago, when the architects had still not found a way to liberate it from traditional forms suitable only to classical or conventional buildings.

A friend of mine, who has lived in East Europe and knows it well, tells me that one must distinguish between ordinary inefficiency and Communist inefficiency, which is beyond the ordinary. Anyone who travels in Poland finds the inefficiency conspicuous, but it did not seem to me to be Communist inefficiency. It was simply the inefficiency of what we used to call "backward" countries, of what we called "underdeveloped" countries until recently, of what we now call "developing" countries. It reminded me of what one used to find in almost any Latin American country.

In the best Warsaw hotels the plumbing is shabby and may not work. On buildings only four or five years old, the stucco has already fallen away in large plaques. But this is what one learns to expect in any "developing" country. It does not represent what my friend calls Communist inefficiency. It is the inefficiency of any people with low morale – in other words, of most of the world's peoples (including the Negroes of our own South). The evidence of low morale is the same everywhere. In the parks the grass remains uncut and is overspread with weeds. Flower-beds are planted only to die for want of watering. In the farm orchards, as well as in the parks, an appreciable proportion of the trees are dead or dying of neglect. But I have been in too many "developing" countries where the population is demoralized to think that this is evidence of Communism.

Poland, like all the East European countries, has been struck this summer by an unprecedented wave of tourists from West Europe. The East European governments, perhaps moved by the slackening of the Cold War, have suddenly had their appetites awakened to the tourist dollar. Consequently, the procedures for obtaining visas have been eased, and East European tourist attractions are being advertised in West Europe. This has had the effect of opening flood gates. An appreciable proportion of the cars I saw in the streets of Warsaw had West European license plates.

This tourist invasion represents the civilization of the West invading East Europe. At the same time, the East European authorities are opening the gates a bit to East Europeans who want to travel in the West, so that now an increasing trickle of traffic is going the other way as well. This betokens one of the most promising developments of our immediate present. Equating it with changing patterns of trade, and with the increasing political independence of the East European countries, one may conclude that East Europe is beginning the gradual process of reuniting itself with West Europe. One of these days we may wake up to find that there is, again, only one Europe, and we will wonder when this happened.

In June, having hired a car to look for birds south-

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east of Vienna, my wife and I were repeatedly frustrated by coming up against the "Iron Curtain," which extended across the fields and the dirt farm roads at the Hungarian frontier. The birds we were pursuing could cross it, but we could not. Beyond a first barbed-wire fence would be a plowed strip that (as signs put up by the Austrians told us) had been mined, and beyond that a second fence. On watch-towers along the Hungarian side guards would stare down at us through binoculars as we stared up at them through binoculars. (This mutual communication between East and West seemed inadequate.)

The "Iron Curtain," such as we saw it, not only separates East from West, it separates the Communist countries from one another as well. It extends even along the endless frontier that separates the fraternal peoples of Russia and China respectively. (A Swiss friend of mine, who saw it in the Far East years before the Russo-Chinese quarrel came out into the open, reported that it was the same between Manchuria and Siberia as between Austria and Hungary.) But it does not have an enduring look. It is intrinsically flimsy, requiring a constant psychological and moral upkeep that is almost prohibitively expensive over the long run. The agents of decay are constantly at work on it. Movement is gradually being resumed in East Europe. At the openings in the "Iron Curtain" where the highways go through, traffic is beginning to flow again, in both directions. In another generation the present distinction between East Europe and West Europe will have become, at best, dim. When that day comes, any meaningful idea attached to the word "Communism" will also have become dim. And in that day, when any Senator from Arizona talks about "liberation," those of us who are old enough to remember will understand, with a sort of solemn emotion, that like Rip Van Winkle he is living in a past long since gone.

I know that, as of our present, Poland is officially styled "The Polish People's Republic." I know that its government is authoritarian and socialist, that the major Polish industries have been nationalized (as is the case, to a lesser extent, in Great Britain). I know that the Polish people are ridden by bureaucracy and suffer all sorts of restraints – as in Spain. I know that Poland, in its foreign policy, is firmly in the Communist camp – which, I take it, means that it is unalterably aligned with the People's Republic of Albania, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and the People's Republic of China, marching together with them in perfect unity. It is "Communist," and this is an awful thing. My only point is that, when one travels about Poland, the outward evidence for this awful thing appears lacking.

Walking along Warsaw's *Nowy Swiat* (Warsaw's 5th Avenue) on a balmy Saturday night, I suddenly recalled that one of our two major political parties had pledged itself, if it should win the coming Presidential election, to commit the United States to the objective of liberating the Poles. The thought of this prompted me to look with a new interest at the people, all about me, whom we Americans might, in a few months, be undertaking to liberate. A couple of delicate and fashionably-dressed ladies (upper middle class) came tripping along the pavement on needle-heels – moving, perhaps, toward the day when *they* would be liberated. Some university students, as I took them to be, were laughing much too loudly, just because it was Saturday night. I put *them* down for liberation. In a kiosk an old woman was selling newspapers, magazines, candy. I checked *her* off mentally, putting *her* down for liberation. A young man and girl were walking toward me with great awkwardness because they were locked in each other's arms.

But Do They Really Want Us To?

At this point an outrageous question slipped into my mind in spite of myself. It was whether we Americans ought not to ask these people whether they wanted us to liberate them before we proceeded to do so. In my whimsical state of mind at the moment, it seemed to me that it would be simple to conduct a Gallup poll. If I spoke enough Polish, I could stop these people on the street and ask: "Would you like the United States to liberate you?"

I must have been light-headed, what with the glitter of life all about me, and now an even more dangerous question came into my mind. Suppose that one of these people asked, as a matter of clarification, what the United States proposed to liberate him from. If it had still been 1945, I might have answered that we proposed to liberate him from the Red Army; but now the Red Army was gone. Alternatively, I might have answered, more vaguely, that we proposed simply to liberate him from Russia; but this might not be convincing where there was no evidence of a Russian presence in Poland. It was clear that the Poles were under a Polish government, not a Russian. Granted that this Polish government pursued a policy of "friendship" with Russia, with such consequences as that the Russian language was a required subject in all the schools (as English is in the Dutch schools). Still, it was a Polish government. I concluded that the answer I would have to give my interlocutor was that we proposed to liberate him from the Communist government of Poland.

This is right, is it not? What Senator Goldwater and the other Republican leaders have in mind must be, I take it, to overthrow the Polish government.

And perhaps this is, in fact, the thing for us Ameri-

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cans to do. The Republican Party is one of our two great national parties, the party of Abraham Lincoln (the Emancipator), and surely the successors of Lincoln, the men who now govern the party, must be sober, responsible, and informed. Presumably they would have done their homework, and would have found good grounds for believing that the Polish people wanted us to overthrow their government.

For one thing, as I walked along *Nowy Swiat* I had no doubt that the Polish government, like most governments in the world, was a bad government, tyrannical and rather sordid. The Polish people were ridden by a bureaucracy that made its inefficiency conspicuous even to the casual tourist. I had been told that there was petty corruption in its ranks. The Polish government was more friendly to the Russian colossus next door than to the American colossus 4,000 miles away, and perhaps this was not fair. It had allowed the *zloty* to become a contemptible currency, in a class with the Spanish *peseta*. Were these not all good arguments for having the United States overthrow it?

The argument that it was a puppet government run from Moscow seemed to me less solid. We used to say that the governments of Albania, mainland China, and Yugoslavia were puppet governments of Moscow – but they seemed to have got over it. (The Republican Party, I recalled, proposed to liberate Rumania as well as Poland, but it could not have meant that it proposed to liberate it from Moscow because the Rumanian government had already liberated it from Moscow.)

Now, overthrowing the governments of other nations (all of them un-American) might be an excellent thing for the United States to do in principle. In principle, perhaps, it ought to overthrow the governments of Spain, of Portugal, of Yugoslavia, of Russia, of all 20 Latin American states, of South Africa, of France, of Ghana, of all the other African states, and of Great Britain as well if the Labour Party should win the next election. In fact, perhaps it ought to overthrow all governments except the Canadian, the Dutch, the Swiss, and (if the Conservatives should win) the British.

Goldwater as Guide

What might be right in principle, however, raised doubts in my mind when it came to practice. First of all, there was the fact, which would surely not go unappreciated by the leaders of the Republican Party, that one does not get a good government simply by overthrowing a bad. Those who advocated that we liberate the Poles must have had in mind some government to replace the government from which we would liberate them, just as those who advocated liberating the Spaniards undoubtedly had in mind a government (dated 1936) to replace the one which they would overthrow. Here, however, I found myself troubled by the question whether Americans (in Arizona, for example) were sufficiently wise and experienced to say what governments foreign peoples all around the world should have, and to make provision accordingly. And even though I did not question that the Republicans knew best what kind of government was proper for Poles and Outer Mongolians, the Poles and Outer Mongolians might not think they did. (I could not remember, at the time, whether the Republican Platform included Outer Mongolia as a country to be liberated, or even whether there were enough voters of Outer Mongolian descent in the United States to justify its inclusion.) It seemed to me that the question might arise, in the minds of foreigners, what business it was of the United States to say what kind of government they should have. There were people who might argue that this question lay outside the legal jurisdiction of the government of the United States.

I know that some very fine people believe we should overthrow only the government of Spain, while others believe we should overthrow only such governments as bear the Communist label. Once I had an article in *The New Republic* (issue of September 24, 1962) in which I questioned, simply, whether it was up to the United States to overthrow the government of Spain. Someone from Manhattan, I believe, wrote an indignant letter to the editor in which, taking it for granted that since I did not want to overthrow the Spanish government I must be in favor of overthrowing the government of Cuba, he berated me accordingly. But the truth is, I don't want to overthrow any government.

In the vein of confession, I shall admit here that, walking the streets of Warsaw, I was worried by another practical consideration. It was hard for me to see how we could liberate the Poles whom I saw all about me from their government without getting a lot of people killed in the process. It might be true that the Polish government and other Communist governments (including that of the Ukraine, which the Republicans had on their list) would simply abolish themselves if we threatened them with war as an alternative, so that there would be no need for us actually to go to war. But the whole thing made me feel nervous. I could not help recalling the occasions in history when people had failed to respond to a challenge by suicide.

All these were the thoughts of a confused man as he walked the streets of Warsaw. I simply report them. Perhaps the confusion would have been straightened out for me if Senator Goldwater had been along to act as my guide. On the other hand, it is possible that, instead, he would have ended by being as confused as I was. Perhaps it is just as well, after all, for him to remain at a great distance from the realities with which he proposes to deal.

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"A Man Named Chaffin..."

by Stanley Kauffmann

In 1913 the manager of an English music-hall company, which had been touring the US and was laying off for a week in Philadelphia, received a telegram from the New York office of a film company: "Is there a man named Chaffin in your company or something like that?" If so, the man was to communicate with the sender.

Turning points, clearly defined, occur in many theatrical careers. In 1866 in Liverpool, the 28-year-old Henry Irving, who had already failed in London, who felt himself condemned to a provincial actor's life and was considering changing professions, got an unexpected letter from Dion Boucicault that changed his life. Chaplin, at 24, was not discouraged; he was a thriving professional who might have gone on to a quite respectable music-hall or musical comedy career. Eventually he might have entered films another way. But that is conjecture. The fact is that this telegram changed his life and, one may say quite soberly, affected the world.

My Autobiography
by Charles Chaplin
(Simon and Schuster; $6.95)

On a previous American tour, Chaplin had been seen in New York by Mack Sennett. Now Sennett, who had formed the Keystone company, was losing his comedy star and was searching for a replacement. He remembered the comic Englishman but could not quite remember his name.

The telegram arrives about one-third of the way through both Chaplin's life and autobiography. That first third is a chronicle of a childhood and early adolescence compounded of misery, hunger, considerable horror, and the desperate cheeriness of the poor in the intervals between the blackest depths. Several writers have noted the Dickensian quality in Chaplin's films. That is also the appropriate adjective for his early London life, with its workhouses, orphan asylums, drunken disappearing father, scrappy occasional meals, shivering cold.

He was the son of vaudeville performers. His older brother, Sydney, was only a half-brother and illegitimate, brought back from a South African escapade by his mother before she married. His father and mother separated when Charles was a baby and, at one time during these chaotic years, he and Sydney had to live with the father and his mistress. His mother was forced to quit the stage when she lost her voice. Her earnings as a seamstress were inadequate, the father's small weekly remittance was undependable. The father, also named Charles Chaplin, died at 37 of drink when his son was still a child. The mother, whose brain was damaged by malnutrition and who spent much of her later life in mental institutions, lived her last seven years in California, possibly aware that there was no one on earth better known than her son.

Chaplin toured as a member of a troupe of dancing boys when he was eight but quit because of asthma which soon disappeared. He returned to the theater when he was twelve and, in effect, never looked back; he worked, improved, advanced. Long before the "Chaffin" telegram arrived, he had given evidence – and gave much more of it later – that he had a cool view of his worth. Samuel Goldwyn allegedly once said, "Chaplin is not a businessman, he only knows what he won't take a penny less than."

The story that he tells of his film career and his private life is fascinating, though incomplete in both aspects. He gives us the sense of the "company" feeling of the early studios, which were obviously modeled on resident theatrical companies and, more important, he conveys the free-and-easy feeling of film-making in those days.

> "... [Sennett's] manner of working had given me confidence; it seemed right. His remark that first day at the studio: 'We have no scenario – we get an idea, then follow the natural sequence of events . . .' had stimulated my imagination."

Later Chaplin says of himself in the days of the one- and two-reelers:

> "Now I was anxious to get to work. Although I hadn't a story, I ordered the crew to build an ornate café set. When I was lost for a gag or an idea, a café would always supply one."

Concurrently, we get a view of Hollywood itself, expanding as a community to accommodate the money that was piling up there: the *luxe* hotels, athletic clubs, restaurants, beach houses, yachting basins. In those early California days, rajahs sprouted like oranges.

There are, of course, portraits, in depth or in sketch, of many famous persons: Valentino, reticent and likeable, who (Chaplin hints) was more sexually attractive than competent; Fairbanks, as ebullient off screen as on; Mary Pickford, America's Sweetheart of Financial Maneuver. At one point, she and Fairbanks and Chaplin and other stars were in the middle of negotiations with First National and hired a pretty girl as a private detective to go out with the president of FN to get from him the facts of a forthcoming merger. W. R. Hearst was, to Chaplin, the personality who "has made the deepest impression on me." (Hearst was worth $400 million, which, in Chaplin's quiet phrase, was "a lot of money in those days.")

There are insights into the sources of his principal films. The drastic change in the once-famous comedian Frank Tinney gave him the idea for *Limelight*. Orson Welles, in negotiations not unruffled, sold him the Landru idea for *Monsieur Verdoux*. Occasionally there are experiences which, though unre-

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marked by Chaplin, seem to prefigure episodes in later films. His brief experience in a print shop as a boy – feeding a huge machine that kept threatening to get ahead of him – suggests *Modern Times*. A 4 a.m. drunken bout with a prizefighter in a Paris hotel room suggests *City Lights*. There are glimpses of abandoned projects: *The Trojan Women* with Edna Purviance, a screenplay of *Shadow and Substance* for an inamorata named Joan Barry.

Recurring through the book are passages that deal with acting in general, with comedy in particular, with filmmaking. Although there are few surprises in his opinions – they verbalize what his films dramatize – they are valuable both as his statements and as puncture of much of the aesthetic balloonry that has blown up around him. He gives us insight into the crisis posed for him by the advent of sound. Rumor at the time, prompted by the fate of some other silent stars, was that he would have vocal difficulties, even though his past record should have quashed such nonsense. But the real problem was solely artistic. After *Modern Times* he pondered:

"... I was faced with the depressing question: should I make another silent picture? I knew I'd be taking a great chance if I did. The whole of Hollywood had deserted silent pictures and I was the only one left.... If I did make a talking picture, no matter how good I was, I could never surpass the artistry of my pantomime. I had thought of possible voices for the tramp – whether he should speak in monosyllables or just mumble. But it was no use. If I talked I would become like any other comedian."

His solution was to leave the tramp back there in silent pictures. The barber in *The Great Dictator*, Calvero in *Limelight*, have certain kinships with him, but they are not the tramp.

The last third of the book declines in interest. It is strongly colored with retribution, complaint, explanation, justification: about Joan Barry's paternity suit, about his supposed Communist sympathies, about his shameful treatment by such pressure groups as the American Legion and by government arms acting as agents of those pressure groups, like the Immigration Department. His impulse to justification and revenge is easily understandable, but the tone might have been less querulous and spiteful, more in keeping with the justice in his position, his stature as an artist, and the fact that – as must already be apparent to him – history is on his side. What are certainly of minimal interest are his views on politics, economics, society, as he conversed or debated on these matters with world leaders.

Chaplin rewrote this book six times. At its best the style is attractively simple. Sometimes it is coy, and occasionally it is oppressively literary, presumably to prove his intellectual status. Speaking of his few youthful possessions: "My ignoble congeries ... a drab and sorry sight." Of Balinese music: "Even the deep doleful passages had the sinister yearning of a hungry minotaur." As history, the book is incomplete. His reticence about the love affairs he mentions and about his marriages cannot be argued with, but why could he not have been more generous with dates and with other pertinent facts of his career? Sydney is prominent in the early sections, disappears, suddenly reappears as Chaplin's business manager, disappears again, and then we are told that he retired; virtually nothing is said of Sydney's own film career or later life. Details are slim about the making of Chaplin's major pictures, slimmest about *Modern Times*. *The King in New York*, which has not been shown here, goes absolutely unmentioned except for inclusion in an appendix of his films.

Then, too, there is little reflection by Chaplin on his phenomenal, lightning-like success. He knew that his pictures were making money soon after he was allowed to direct himself. Only a year after he joined Keystone, he was wooed away by Essanay with a fatter contract, and a year later Mutual paid him a $150,000 bonus to sign a $670,000 contract. But the *human* proportions of his success never struck him until, on his way to New York to sign that Mutual contract, he telegraphed his brother in the East about his arrival and found his train besieged by giant crowds at every stop. The telegrapher had passed the word that Charlie was coming. Still, outside of some reflections on the isolation and loneliness entailed, there is little examination by him of this incredible leap to world fame in two years, the most overwhelm-

The Hearth

Here it begins: the worm of love breeding
Among red embers of a hearth-fire,
Turns to a chick, is slowly fledged,
And will hop from lap to lap in a ring
Of eager children basking at the blaze.

But the luckless man who never sat there,
Nor borrowed live coals from the sacred source
To warm a hearth of his own making,
Nor bedded lay under pearl-grey wings
In dutiful content,

How shall he watch at the stroke of midnight
Dove become phoenix, plumed with green and gold:
Or be caught up by jewelled talons
And haled away to a fastness of the hills
Where an unveiled woman, black as Mother Night,
Teaches him a new degree of love
And the tongues and songs of birds?

ROBERT GRAVES

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ing success in theatrical history.

What the film form did – the silent film, at any rate – was to make the clown available to more millions of people than had ever been possible; at the same time, it gave the clown the physical world to play with as he could not have done before. The film thus tapped a treasury that had been accumulating for two thousand years of theaters and circuses and simultaneously lavished greatly expanded means on these performers. When circumstances are right – in environment for work and in public appetite – artists flower in clumps, like the Elizabethan dramatists. Keaton, Langdon, Lloyd, and (a bit later) Laurel and Hardy were part of this new Elizabethan outburst. Chaplin was the Shakespeare of the lot.

But, after the omissions and shortcomings in this book have been noted, as they must be, they can be seen in proportion. It is doubtless foolish to expect the autobiography of a great nonliterary artist – particularly a theatrical one – to be a great book. To my knowledge, no such autobiography exists, with the possible exception of Stanislavsky's. All we can hope for is the fullest possible account of those insights and data that no historian, however thorough, can provide, hopefully not too obscured by inevitable subjectivity. The account here might have been fuller, and the subjectivity itself, on the matter of his art particularly, might have been more rewardingly exploited. But there it is, finished: the statement of his life by the greatest artist that the film has produced, one of the paramount artistic geniuses of the century. It is therefore a document of permanent worth.

The Artist as Psychoanalyst

by Robert Coles

"... Not the intense moment
Isolated, with no before and after,
But a lifetime burning in every moment
And not the lifetime of one man only
But of old stones that cannot be deciphered."

Like Eliot, Erik Erikson has stood respectfully before the riddle of Man and his History. In this century both men have seen some of those old stones yield their secrets; and still the problems which confront us are as hard as ever. One of those problems is the relationship of our present knowledge to its wise and humane use. That insight must embrace responsibility, that becoming aware has ethical implications if we are to turn ourselves to any account in this world, is this book's central message. Not all scholars, doctors, or clergymen have managed to see it that way, drawn as they often have been to shades of one or the other of these two concerns – the fervid pursuit of information or the insistent recital of duties.

Insight and Responsibility
by Erik Erikson
(Norton; $5)

The book comprises six essays published before in scholarly and professional journals. Some of them have been revised for this book. However, this is more than a desultory collection assembled to feed our country's apparently insatiable appetite for books. It is an arresting series of pauses – to consider, wonder, and create – in the life's work of one of the world's great psychoanalysts. It is an important book and deserves every bit of our attention.

The work is a continuation of Erikson's earlier ones: *Childhood and Society* and *Young Man Luther*. No review of this sort can do justice to the richness of thinking or to the considerable beauty of style in any of these three books. One of the qualities which mark the author's work is its incredible variety, defying any of the quick and passing notices quite appropriate for much of the drab, pinched, not to mention incomprehensible, stretches of words laid before us these days by some of our "social scientists."

The first essay is called "The First Psychoanalyst." It is a sketch of a

Harper's magazine
OCTOBER

The Function of Fact in NEWSMAGAZINES

by Otto Friedrich

Whenever a newsmagazine is short on 'inside' stories or 'depth' reporting, you can be sure the slack will be taken up by *facts*—artfully used to create an illusion of objectivity. A witty critique of big newsmagazines by an insider.

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW!

WE ARE 17 TEACHERS

We live with our thirteen children in a group of farm buildings in the Catskills. Seven of us have teaching degrees . . . ten are merely educated. We have forty-two students (ages four to eighteen). Our first interest is that children learn to make effective decisions for themselves . . . that they be happy and competent to extend their happiness. Our average student advanced two grades in the first year (as measured by standard achievement tests). Students sent for remedial work were up to standard in an average of three months. Our high school students work on a college level in most subjects. Instruction is usually tutorial. We don't wear uniforms (unless work-stained dungarees count) . . . we think teens should work at their own housekeeping and other tasks and we see no reason why they shouldn't be academically superior to the Russians without making school a totalitarian grind.

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lonely genius in his becoming. First delivered in Germany in 1956 as a lecture, it tells about the origins of psychoanalysis, drawing from the recently discovered early correspondence of Freud. The piece is at once an appreciation, a brilliant presentation of some of the historical and conceptual roots of psychoanalysis, and through it all a moving and sensitive discussion of the nature of the analyst's work, the demands placed upon him by that work, and the requirements which that work asks of him. In the way he discusses Freud's friendship with Fliess, and in the way he talks about the relevance of psychoanalysis to other fields, he emerges with a lucidity qualified only by its respectfulness not only to Freud but to all who seek after knowledge.

The second essay discusses the nature of clinical evidence. It begins with a review of the quality of medical healing, enabled as it is by the meeting of the doctor and his life's training and the patient with his particular distress. Erikson illustrates analytic work with dreams, and in so doing makes it clear that for him dreams are dreamed by human beings, and heard by analysts who are also human beings. (It is a shame that a remark like the foregoing, which may sound like the purest of clichés, has a tragic relevance for those of us who dig through some psychiatric and psychoanalytic journals and find ourselves thinking of dreams and lives as if they were mathematical symbols.)

The third lecture has the haunting title of "Identity and Uprootedness in Our Time." Erikson is the author of our most significant literature on the subject of "identity" – such concerns, that is, as who we are, who we think we are, who we are not. We find in this piece some glimmers of what Erikson has elaborated at length elsewhere as well as some sharp comments on the peculiar tragedies and triumphs of our century as they affect the life of the mind – totalitarianism, the mass movements of frightened, seeking people, the development of an immensely proficient yet bewildering and, of course, potentially dangerous technological society. In comparison to some of the glib "existentialist" literature on this subject, it is a happy experience to find man's often ambiguous and complicated predicament explored rather than airily submitted to either an affirmative or negative outcry.

Next we come upon "Human Strength and the Cycle of Generations." Who else, I really wonder, on this confused planet is now writing about such matters as what makes for man's stamina and vitality, and now his qualities of mind and spirit are nourished and transmitted over the centuries? This essay, as daring a piece as one will find in this jargon-filled era, tries to develop against the background of our modern sensibilities the meaning of such "old" virtues as Hope, Will, Purpose and Competence (arising out of childhood) or Fidelity (developing in adolescence) and, finally, Love, Care, and Wisdom (coming with adulthood). For some, such terms are the hackneyed soporifics of sermons. For others they are self consciously or even militantly shunned in favor of ideas and words hardly as graceful and often simply a crying bore. To breathe new life into words like Love is no easy job in our sometimes perversely complicated intellectual climate. I suspect, and hope, that this essay will begin to grow into our culture as the first comprehensive placing of Freud's insights into the positive ideals of older civilizations.

The fifth essay is a very important one in modern psychiatric and psychoanalytic thought, and its influence, in only three years, has already been felt. Any psychoanalyst faces the understandable problem of how to view man as influenced both by his dynamic, individual past and the equally relevant and persuasive present, much of which is not only the present of the citizen's private world but the more public one of his society, or of the historical moment with all its fateful opportunities and risks. Perhaps more than any psychoanalyst since Freud himself Erikson has tried to keep these two ways of looking at man's nature companionable rather than mutually ignored or even set against one another. This essay has special value not only to psychoanalysts but historians, because it is a definitive piece on the theoretical and practical connections between private lives and the momentum of history.

The final essay takes the Golden Rule and shows its essential bearing upon medical and psychiatric practice, and indeed upon the natural rhythm of life itself. Erikson has spent a good part of his own life describing the various currents which combine and shift one another about in the course of a life's flow. In this regard he has called his work the study of the "life cycle," and the term, like his use of "identity" is a contribution to a more reputable language for – as well as theory of – man's condition. He finds in our life cycle an essentially ethical basis – to be grasped, apart from logic or faith, by clinical observation (and its insights) of each person's capacity for a growing sense of conscience. This is the book's final message: that knowledge has its tasks, that a capacity, indeed a yearning, for kindness to one another is an integral part of human development, that man is less than God, but surely worthy of some quiet respect from his own kind.

The author came upon English as a grown man, yet he makes many of us born to the tongue feel shame. He is exceptionally attentive to language, aware of its possibilities and sensitive to its problems, all of which makes for his very unusual style, a mixture of German and English really: strong words, simple sentences which slowly grow longer, but always seem to stop to allow the reader respite before proceeding to a new try.

The book is a further consolidation of the author's joining of artistic feeling and clinical acuity. He has done it deftly but sturdily, yielding to no distortion or exclusiveness in either direction: the anti-intellectual abandon of the

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pseudo-artist or the cranky nihilism of the doctrinaire theorist. Perhaps because of this very balance, pursued and achieved, we find in all his writing an almost uncanny combination of confrontation and intimacy, as if we are met with the very stuff of how we grow up – and old – and how we fit into one another's life, contemporaneously and over the generations.

Since Freud's death there has been an aching lack of his kind of courageous knowledge from the living. Some who followed Freud mistook agreement with him for ritualized awe; others not only chose to reject his lead but allowed their disagreement to deteriorate into empty, pitiful rancor. Erikson has payed Freud the highest – and all too rare – honor of giving him the closest attention. Taking him seriously, he has *proceeded*, shaping his own ideas into his own vision, a Freudian one which draws not just on Freud, but on Freud the significant man, and one of many, in a long historical tradition.

Finally it should be acknowledged that since Erikson's first book appeared the better part of a generation of young psychiatrists have come to rely upon his distinctive wisdom. Tired of the dull and stale they find freshness in his writing; tired of deadly glances, they meet in his words some honor for man's efforts; afraid of an imbalance which allows healthy suspicions about human motives to become an abiding, narrowing cynicism, they come upon a mind respectful of man's accomplishments precisely because of how hard won – and even shaky – they are. In sum, he has given dignity to his work, and in so doing, to all of us. Scanning the landscape of much of the social sciences today, such an achievement must be declared mighty.

The Computer Monster

by Gene Bylinsky

In his study of the "quantitative society," John Wilkinson, physicist, philosopher of science, and staff member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, worried that "the

The Analytical Engine
by Jeremy Bernstein
(Random House; $2.95)

erstwhile servant [the computer] has become, or is rapidly becoming, the master, and displaying what looks very much like free will." And, when computers learn how to "converse" with one another, man had better look out.

Almost always the proponents of machine magic manage to avoid mentioning the simple truth that the computer in effect is a blind, brainless beast, capable of neither spouting third-rate poetry nor keeping inventory of pots and pans without a detailed, painstakingly prepared program, or "recipe for a robot cook," as one scientist calls it. Computer programming is unglamorous, time-consuming, and often very expensive. One industry estimate places the cost of programs written between 1950-60 at more than $2 billion.

There's nothing very mysterious about either programming or computers. The machines take nothing for granted; a misplaced comma in the program will cause its rejection. One such punctuation error (an omitted semicolon) led to a spectacular explosion of a costly Atlas-Agena rocket just as it left the launching pad at Cape Kennedy – with one of the ill-fated Ranger spacecraft in its nose. Computers are in essence king-sized arithmetic machines. They are an improvement over mechanical calculators in that they perform "logical" operations and solve a problem completely. But in the end it all amounts to arithmetic. Jeremy Bernstein remarks that, "arithmetically speaking, the distinction between a schoolboy doing a multiplication a minute and a computer doing a hundred thousand multiplications a second is one of degree."

It's true that computers can be entrusted with far more complex problems than schoolboys or even expert mathematicians, mainly because it would take men too long to solve the problems.

Harper's magazine
OCTOBER

THE RIDDLE OF THE LABOR VOTE

by Herbert Harris

With 43 'wrong' votes on his record, Barry Goldwater is not labor's darling . . . but neither is LBJ—although labor's own leaders, to a man, are committed to him. A host of exploitable fears haunt today's rank and file, and nobody—least of all labor's leaders—are taking the Union man's vote for granted this year.

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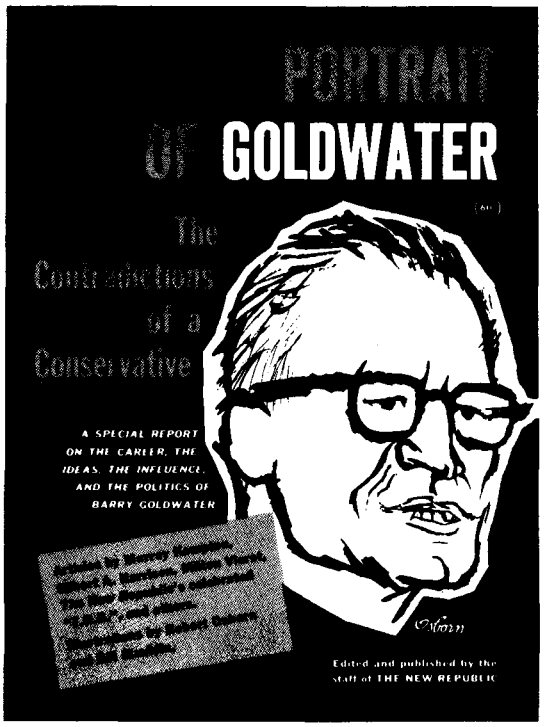
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There's no denying that the machines have proved to be interesting and useful tools in a number of fields. Space exploration, with its need for fast, accurate calculations of trajectories and flight paths, probably owes as much to the computer as it does to the rocket. Still, computers derive most of their magic from nothing more mysterious than their fantastic speed. These speeds are now being increased to a billion operations a second. On the horizon are other improvements. Some specialists, for instance, foresee perfection of speech recognition devices and optical character scanners in five to eight years. Able to handle vocabularies of 5,000 words in the varying accents of as many as 20 persons, and to translate printed characters into electronic pulses for computer consumption, these devices ironically would eliminate some of the computer-created jobs such as key-punch operation and simple programming.

But speed and ability to perform logical operations – the ability to modify the course of a calculation according to program – doesn't mean that computers can "learn" or "think," unless "thinking" is defined in narrow, mechanistic terms of recalling stored data. "Learning" isn't applicable to present-day computers either; a computer must be reprogrammed for each new problem, no matter how similar it may be to the previous ones.

Not surprisingly, computers are at their best when dealing with well-structured or defined problems. "If we have 3,999 limits defined, the method fixed, the input clear, the computer can make certain the definition of the 4,000th limit," says one prominent scientist. "The introduction of computers in such a context is nearly always a guarantee of the fact that we can find out something."

That something in the overwhelming majority of computer applications is the result of routine "data processing" such as keeping inventory and payroll records. These tasks are accomplished with lightning speed and are almost error free. Whenever computers are applied to anything vague and uncertain, however, the possibility of nonsensical conclusions is multiplied a thousandfold.

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Since the computer does not originate anything, the limitation really is man's lack of knowledge.

This hasn't deterred some computer users from going ahead with attempts to "computerize" psychotherapy, law, medicine, and other fields; in fact dehumanizing highly human areas. Norbert Wiener, the late father of cybernetics, feared "a flood of superficial and ill-considered work" in imprecise areas such as social sciences and economics when computers are applied to them. His warning that to apply precise formulae to loosely defined quantities "is a sham and a waste of time," has gone unheeded.

Even in more ordinary computer applications the tendency often is to accept the machine solution without considering other alternatives. Prestige plays a big part in computer use. "It feels a good deal more secure going into a conference room with a stack of print-out tucked under your arm," explains a computer worshipper.

In a sense, such men have already become slaves of the machine. Problems are being designed to fit a computer solution. One scientist has likened this to what has happened to the automatic tomato picket. The machine picks tomatoes both more rapidly and more efficiently than men. But many tomatoes have broken skins. The solution? The research center which developed the picker is now at work on a tomato with a tougher skin. As many scientists similarly concentrate on huge problems "with tougher skins" that can be fed into computers with certainty of producing results, creativity is abandoned. "Much of our research is migrating to an age of dinosaurs," says David L. Johnson, a computer specialist at the University of Washington. "And we all know what happened to the dinosaurs."

Legacy of a Radical

by Joseph L. Featherstone

This collection of occasional essays was gathered shortly before R. H. Tawney died in 1962. He did the selecting himself, so it is probably bad grace to complain that a lot of vintage Tawney is missing, particularly his superb lead articles for the old *Manchester Guardian*. Tawney, of course, is best-known as a historian, the author of *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*. What is not appreciated, and what only a few of these essays show, is that he was one of the finest polemical writers of the century. His style blended clipped sentences and sweeping metaphors. His best pieces possess what Thurman Arnold calls the hallmark of all really first-class preaching: you treat your audience to a strong whiff of doom, and then close on a faint note of hope.

The Radical Tradition
by R. H. Tawney
(Pantheon; $4.95)

The doom came on pretty strong. He had an Old Testament prophet's inexhaustible reservoir of noble invective. A Tawney capitalist never simply complains about a social welfare measure, he "cries and cuts himself with knives." Instead of just doing the workers dirt, Tawney's mine owners "give them as much initiative and responsibility as pit ponies, and scrap them with other worn-out tools when they have served their purpose." Tawney didn't merely call his opponents in educational reform wrong, he called them "blind adders." There is savagery in this kindly, pious academic, an echo of Swift as well as Jeremiah. And it is not only true of writing, but life. When Ramsey MacDonald made the mistake of offering Tawney a peerage, the prophet of equality had a short and brutal answer: "Even dogs do not tie cans to their own tails."

You feel that no matter how simple Tawney's arguments are and they are usually very simple – he has wrenched them out of a complex vision of the world. You have faith that his naïveté was earned. Even in his bitterest tirades, you sense an appealing sadness, the slightly dazed and hurt sensibility

Harper's *magazine*
OCTOBER

The Case for an Independent Quebec

by Jacqueline Moore

Pent-up resentments have erupted in violence, and many French Canadians now believe that Quebec must sever her ties with Canada, although it could spell economic disaster.

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A CHALLENGE TO THE YOUNG PROGRESSIVES OF AMERICA

The Mississippi State Legislature has adopted bills intending to destroy the summer projects of the civil rights workers. One would outlaw the freedom schools.

Despite this and many other harassments a small band of your fellow generation plans to remain in Mississippi and continue classes this winter.

Funds are much needed to reimburse the financial losses of these workers. A fund has been established to provide scholarships for volunteers who are giving up a year of college to help these Americans ruled by unjust state laws in total violation of our federal constitution.

Today, join this youthful movement in the battle for true freedom for all Americans. Let us once again, as we are doing in the Peace Corps, show the world how "beat" this generation really is. Let every American be aware of our ideals, and intentions of making these ideals the future policies of America.

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of a decent man in a wicked world. Tawney himself was by no means a simple man. He taught the gospel of social change without any illusions about History, Progress, or the Dialectic; and he had a historian's sense of how a world too much in tumult always overwhelms men. His last essay in this collection, "Social History and Literature," brings this out. He is celebrating Elizabethan England, but the tone is elegiac. The social reformer is showing you, resignedly, one more of these rare occasions when the human spirit managed to snatch an opportunity while the going was good.

The major unstated premise that these essays do not show at all is Tawney's passionate Christianity. This appears most clearly in his historical writings. When Tawney spoke of equality, he had in mind some sense of the sacred quality of shared experience, a private ideal of the common life of the soul. He was reticent about this, but it was important to him: at the edges of his discourse, there were always hints of his personal and Christian vision of Love, the Beloved Republic.

All Tawney's concerns, as historian and social critic, were unashamedly ethical, which is another way of saying that he was, above all, a Radical. His socialism was English to the core, and he recognized his kinship, with people like the Chartists and Ruskin (who he writes about in the opening essays). At times Tawney reveals a strain of impatient, querulous moralism, and you notice a resemblance to the Philosophical Radicals, Jeremy Bentham's followers – those amiable Victorian cranks who invariably meant something a good deal more reasonable than what they seemed to be saying. The Radical tradition in England is democratic and egalitarian. Its tolerance, its good nature, its chatty concern with social statistics, but, most of all, its individualistic ideals have always alienated it from that section of the British Left which has never left off whoring after strange collectivist gods.

What was Tawney after? In the early essays – some date from the end of the First World War – he was pleading for a minimum wage, workers' rights, adult education, and a better education sys-

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tem. He was one of those rare and lucky men who lived to see the triumph of much that he fought for. He believed there was no need for society to be founded on selfishness. He really imagined, this Radical, that he could persuade men to be better; and he dreamed it was possible to organize their goodness. That was about it.

In the '30's this characteristic vagueness made him seem quaint, a Bloomsbury relic humbugging some sort of dreamy democratic socialism. The comrades pointed out that he lacked any sense of technique; in their fatal phrase, he was politically unsophisticated.

Nowadays, in other quarters, Tawney may also seem out of date and quaint. He certainly could be very careless—in one essay here, he genially disclaims any ability to understand economic theory. The smug modesty is irritating, but it has its point, too. It is good to be reminded of a truth that we ourselves keep forgetting in our own gimlet-eyed moods: that economics may not set the terms and the limits of our social discourse, but it can never dictate its ends. For those, like it or not, we still need preachers.

A Stomach for Soldiery

by Charles Burton Marshall

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day.
– *Henry V.*

Arthur MacArthur had led a Union regiment in the Civil War. Later on he would head the US Army. In the 1880's, however, he commanded but a company on the frontier. His wife and sons accompanied him from post to post and in his old age, one of the sons, Douglas, would summon recollections of plainsmen, western bad men, and Geronimo from his early years. The boy saw his father's profession in heroic proportions – an attitude instilled by the mother, with whom a "devoted comradeship" endured to her death in 1935. In his eighties the son would recall the maternal tie as "one of the dominant factors of my life."

Reminiscences
by Douglas MacArthur
(McGraw-Hill; $6.95)

Facing a West Point entrance examination, young Douglas was stricken by nausea. The mother's "cool words . . . brought me around," according to his memoir. " 'Doug,' she said, 'you'll win if you don't lose your nerve. You must believe in yourself, my son, or no one else will believe in you. Be self-confident, self-reliant. . . . Now go to it.' When the marks were counted, I led."

Mary Pinkney Hardy MacArthur was nearby as her son attended the Military Academy. Under stress in a disciplinary crisis while a plebe, he was again overtaken by nausea. A message in metrics sent in by his mother rallied his nerve:

"Do you know that your soul
is of my soul such a part
That you seem to be fiber
and core of my heart?
None other can pain me
as you, son, can do;
None other can please me
or praise me as you.
Remember the world
will be quick with its blame
If shadow or shame
ever darken your name.
Like mother, like son,
is a saying so true
The world will judge largely
of mother by you.
Be this then your task,
if task it shall be,
To force this proud world
to do homage to me.
Be sure it will say,
when its verdict you've won,
She reaps as she sowed:
'This man is her son.' "

Douglas went on to be first captain and top scholar of his class. The young officer combined flair for leading troops and elegant proficiency in staff work.

Harper's *magazine*
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The Hidden Change in CONGRESS

by Joseph Kraft

Through decades of obstructionism and denial, a solid coalition of Southern Democrats and Midwestern Republicans ran Congress pretty much to suit themselves. Suddenly, the picture has changed — the result of a *coup* so silent and neat that the Old Guard didn't even know what hit them.

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With the AEF in World War I he gained renown and row on row of medals as a devotedly daring battlefield general – ever ready for banter with the men, disdainful of danger, and persistently in the thick of combat with riding crop in hand but no sidearms or helmet. After the war he became an innovating superintendent at West Point. He led the US Olympic team to the Amsterdam games. He sat in the Billy Mitchell court martial – voting in the minority against punishing that overwrought officer for publicly invoking epithets against military and constitutional superiors over a difference of strategic concepts.

Fortune's favorite, MacArthur never had a dull assignment. Yet self-doubt lingered. In 1930, while on duty in the Philippines, he was hesitant about a tender of appointment to head the Army. "I knew the ordeal that faced the new Chief of Staff, and shrank from it," his memoir relates. "I wished from the bottom of my heart to stay with troops." His widowed mother sensed from afar what was in his mind and cabled him to accept. "She said my father would be ashamed if I showed timidity. That settled it."

The *Reminiscences* own to another nauseation. MacArthur once felt it his duty "to take up the cudgels" with Franklin D. Roosevelt over a budgetary question. "The President," according to the account,

> ". . . turned the full vials of his sarcasm on me. . . . The tension began to boil over. . . . In my emotional exhaustion I . . . recklessly . . . said something to the effect that when we lost the next war, and an American boy, lying in the mud with an enemy bayonet through his belly and an enemy foot on his throat, spat out his last curse, I wanted the name not to be MacArthur, but Roosevelt."

The President – small wonder! – grew livid and roared. MacArthur apologized. The President dropped his wrath and conceded the point at issue. A few minutes later the Chief of Staff vomited on the White House steps.

Curiously, in recounting that incident as the "third and last" such in his life, the General was forgetful of having given public testimony of experiencing nausea under stress one time in Korea just after the Inchon landing. In any event, Inchon stands as the grand turning point in the MacArthur story, just as it was the most important juncture of the Korean war. The amphibious operation was MacArthur's very own project, undertaken in face of doubts by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It precipitated the battle into North Korea before policy was ready for the consequences. Implicitly it placed MacArthur in the determining position, political as well as military, and thereby it set up the later contretemps between the theater command and Washington.

David Rees' recent *Korea: The Limited War* applies to MacArthur's conduct after Inchon the word *hubris* – a Greek term for self-aware genius in over its depth. The word fits. Within his limits MacArthur certainly did have genius; the Korean war did get him in too deep. The memoir, an honest account, reveals a failure to comprehend the Joint Chiefs' doubts about the Inchon plan and to grasp the reasons and the final necessity for removing MacArthur from command upon his attempt to preempt control of negotiations with the enemy.

He pressed upon the incoming Eisenhower Administration a formula for shaping the Korean stalemate into a world settlement to be worked out between the President and Premier Stalin. It called for permanent neutralization of the ex-enemy states of World War II, jointly guaranteed by the US and the Soviet Union, both of which would thereupon renounce war as an instrument of national policy. John Foster Dulles complimented the General's grandiose scheme with such words as "bold and imaginative" and "ambitious and comprehensive," but the proponent was never sent for.

The last ten years were full of honors and ceremonies but not public substance. The MacArthur *Reminiscences* – "penned by my own hand" – carry the account to 1962. The preface is dated March, 1964. In the first week of

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April he died. Fifty of his 84 years had been spent in public service as a soldier. The instilled ideal had been realized in full measure. Who can forego regret for the overextension of the effort unto anticlimax?

Memoirs are invariably as interesting for omissions as for what is chosen for telling. Here no hint is given of MacArthur's chagrin over being unexpectedly replaced as Chief of Staff while off on a Philippines trip in 1935, and kind words cover over the bitterness long borne against Roosevelt on that account. Dwight D. Eisenhower's period as a MacArthur confidant and military protegé is ignored, along with the circumstances of the break between them. General Matthew Ridgway, whose advent as field commander in Korea coincided with the MacArthur eclipse, is rated "one of the best" and "an experienced leader with aggressive and fighting qualities" – not, as MacArthur once called him, "a chameleon."

Perhaps the narrator was conserving his ire for Harry Truman. Following mildly complimentary preliminaries, the memoir inveighs fluently against the President who cast the hero down after the ordeals and the grand triumphs of World War II and the power and the glory of the proconsulship in Tokyo, so ably recounted in the MacArthur book. For good measure, Truman's invidious letter to the music critic, Paul Hume, is reprinted and made an extraneous occasion for extra verbal whacks.

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Opera by Default

Given the limited number of first-class opera singers today, there is probably not an opera house anywhere in which one can expect to hear performances with every important role sung not merely by a good singer but by one suited to the particular role. A record company, however, can assemble singers from all opera houses for a recording; and in a recorded performance, therefore, one should be able to expect only right singers in the important roles. But record companies still traffic in currently popular big-name performers, all of whom the companies offer and the public accepts as great artists, and great in everything they do; whereas actually someone with fleet fingers or a golden throat may have no musical understanding and taste, or one who can deal effectively with one composer may be unable to do so with another. And so it is not only in the opera house that one may get in a performance of *Carmen* a tenor as incapable as Franco Corelli is of the particular elegantly impassioned lyricism required by Bizet's music, and of singing the French words bearably; one gets him even in a recorded performance – even in the performance on RCA Victor LD- and LDS-6164, which has no less a conductor than Herbert von Karajan providing with the Vienna Philharmonic an orchestral context the like of which – in its delicacy, sensitiveness, unceasing expressive point and occasional hair-raising dramatic force, and in all these its close relation to the singing – I have never heard before in this opera. One gets also Leontyne Price, whose unfailing musical taste in the expressive use of an extraordinarily lovely voice ennobled a recorded performance of *Aida* two years ago, but whose vocal characterization of Carmen in the earlier scenes takes the form of tonal distortions that affect me as caricature, and whose most impressive singing – her powerful delivery of the Card Aria, magnificently supported by Karajan with the orchestra – is done with a voice that lacks its former luscious beauty and has a strong vibrato. Very beautiful singing is done by Mirella Freni, the Micaela; but her French too is disturbing. And the inadequacies of the American and Italian principals in this department are made even more obtrusive by the flawless enunciation of the French singers in the roles of Mercedes, Frasquita and the rest. A deficiency of bass deprives the mono sound of solidity.

The elegant lyricism I mentioned a moment ago can be heard in the later recorded performances of excerpts from *Manon, Werther, Le Roi d'Ys* and *Romeo and Juliet* by the French tenor Edmond Clement on Rococo 40 – with the lovely singing of Geraldine Farrar in a duet from *Romeo*. His earlier performance of the Cavatina from *The Barber of Seville* exhibits the mannered phrasing and exhibitionistic interpolations of the period, which are carried to ludicrous extremes in the performances of the tenor de Lucia on Rococo 39. Rococo 5220 offers the superb singing of the soprano Helene Wildbrunn in excerpts from *Don Giovanni, Fidelio, The Masked Ball* and the Wagner music dramas. And 5219 has the beautiful singing of the soprano Florence Easton in arias from *Mignon, Faust, Carmen*

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Stanley Kauffmann, *now touring Europe on a grant from the Ford Foundation, will resume his film column later this month.* Robert Graves' *next book of poems will be published in November by Doubleday.* Robert Coles *is a psychiatrist who writes on social psychology.* Gene Bylinsky *writes on science for Newhouse Newspapers.* Joseph L. Featherstone *makes his first* New Republic *appearance with this issue.* Charles Burton Marshall, B. H. Haggin *and* Frank Getlein *are contributing editors to this journal. This month,* Mr. Haggin *will publish a new book,* Music Observed. Mr. Getlein's *book,* The Trouble with Catholics, *has just been published.*

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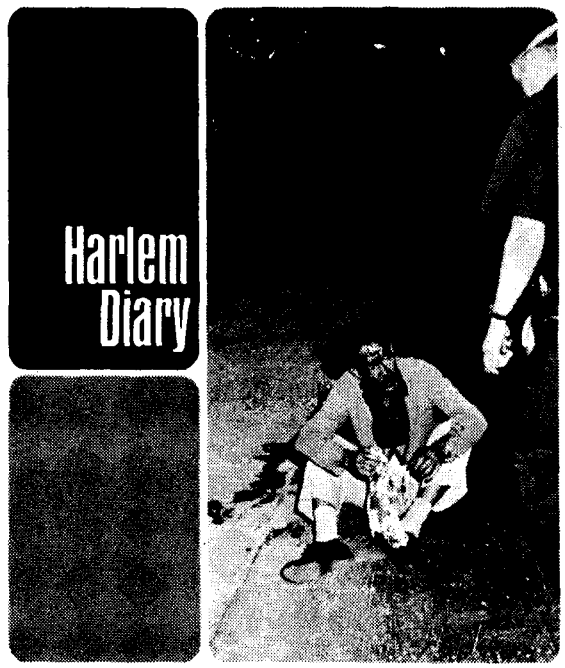

Harlem Diary, The Untold Story of the American Nightmare, by Lez Edmond. A raging on-the-scene report on the Harlem race riots, told by Negroes in words few white men have ever heard.

Editorial: Tyranny in Los Angeles. A Catholic journal takes a hard look at Los Angeles' controversial Cardinal McIntyre, and finds him bigoted and tyrannical.
Music: The Poulenc Behind the Mask by John Howard Griffin. The last letters of the dying, despairing Poulenc to a noted novelist and musicologist.
Opinion: A Protestant on Religious Liberty by Robert McAfee Brown. A leading Protestant educator demands a clear statement in favor of full religious freedom from the Catholic Church.
Arabs and Jews by Judy Stone. An unusual report on the little-publicized but extremely significant attempts being made to ease the tensions between Arabs and Jews.
The Church and "Golpe" in Brazil by G. Daniel Griffin. A Papal Volunteer in Brazil reports on the shocking sell-out of the Catholic Church in Brazil to the local fascist government.
The Sisyphus Complex by Abraham J. Heschel. A distinguished rabbi and philosopher castigates the medical profession for curing its patients physically but destroying them economically.
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and less consequential music.

A soprano whom I don't recall hearing before, Edith Mathis, deploys a fresh voice of great purity and steadiness with wonderful ease, accuracy and security, not only in the florid passages of Mozart's Mass in C minor but in the long, high-ranging melodic phrases that she shapes with fine musical taste. Her singing is outstanding in the performance that Wolfgang Goennenwein paces effectively on Angel 36205 (mono), with good lesser soloists and excellent chorus and chamber orchestra.

In the first years of LP recording, when the small companies that couldn't offer big-name performers offered instead unusual music with whatever performers they could get, Allegro issued the first Tenebrae Service of Francois Couperin, with its phrases powerfully and excitingly sustained and inflected by a tenor voice of little sensuous beauty but of remarkable tensile strength and expressive color – the voice of Hugues Cuénod. Very little of that voice is left today; but it is enough for Cuénod's musical intelligence to operate with and produce – on Cambridge CRM-703 and CRS-1703 – impressive performances of Schubert songs, including *Der Juengling und der Tod, Der Juengling an der Quelle, Nachtviolen* and *Im Fruehling.*

Menuhin leads his Bath Festival Orchestra, on Angel D-3647 (mono), in enlivening performances of Handel's 12 Concerti Grossi Op. 6. Not all the works are as fine as Nos. 9 and 10; but even the lesser ones have individual movements as outstanding as the opening Larghetto affettuoso of No. 4; and even the routine writing is rarely without some attractiveness.

Several months ago I reported the excellent pacing and phrasing of Mozart's Symphonies K.543 and 319 by a new young conductor named Istvan Kertesz; and now I report several additional performances of similar high quality in which he again conducts the Vienna Philharmonic. London CM-9383 and CS-6383 offer Mozart's Symphony K.425 *(Linz)* and his *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* and the little March K.408 No. 1; CM-9382 and CS-6382 Schubert's *Unfinished* Symphony and three unfamiliar overtures, of which the one in Italian style, supposedly influenced by Rossini, is inconsequential, but the ones to *Des Teufels Lustschloss* and *Fierrabras* are works of impressive dramatic power – the first of them amazing as the work of a boy of sixteen. And CM-9381 and CS-6381 have Schubert's great Symphony No. 9.

The continence that Arthur Rubinstein's playing has exhibited in recent years is evident in his performances of all of Chopin's waltzes on Victor LM- and LSC-2726. They are admirable in their grace and elegance, but don't have the magical and enchanting subtleties of pace and lilt and inflection that make Dinu Lipatti's performances of these pieces—on Columbia ML-4522 or Angel 3556 – unique, and still the ones to acquire. B. H. HAGGIN

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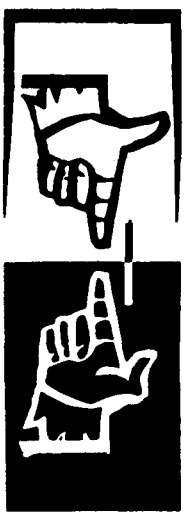

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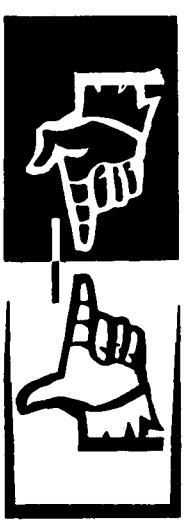

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ART

Perpetual Motion

"One thing I ask of a sculpture," said Salvador Dali some years back, "is that it should not move." It was a good line, calling into view the whole history of the art, with stone gods and bronze saints fixed where they were placed, or, if moved at all, moved once and fatally into the sands with Ozymandias. Yet, Dali's line had already been rendered obsolete by Alexander Calder. Perhaps it was obsolete before Calder, by the very nature of three dimensional sculpture. The most conventional stone or bronze, placed well out from any wall, surrounded by air and space through which to walk, subject to daily light growing and declining in intensity and slowly progressing from east to west, such a piece in such a place is by no means separate from or indifferent to movement. The light moves, therefore shadow moves, changing itself insofar as form is visible. More rapidly, the viewer moves himself around the sculpture, not only seeing it as a series of different angles, but also, sometimes, as one continuous, changing, yet constant, visual experience, for as he moves himself in a rough circle about the piece, the direction of his eyes is changing, too – up, down, left, right, and on any number of diagonals, always absorbing new details, always relating them to and therefore improving the idea of the whole ensemble. If anyone was unaware of this experience of sculpture, he was violently, even exaggeratedly, made aware of it by the late Robert Flaherty's movie on Michelangelo. We careened down and around the David, for instance, like a swallow. Pieces of sculpture were taken apart before our eyes and then put back together so that we knew more about them than we did before; remnants of the film experience remained in the mind to illuminate future actual experience of the statues.

Painting, too, has been subject to the same kind of treatment in films on art, often clumsily, but sometimes superbly and helpfully, as in the several movies by the Belgians Henri Storck and Paul Haesaerts. Yet there has always been a difference between painting and sculpture as subject for this kind of approach. In the Storck-Haesaerts work on Rubens, for example, it was quite clear that the camera and the cutter were performing their wonders precisely in order to understand and make known the compositional movement of the paintings, which, for all that, were fundamentally stationary objects. With sculpture the camera was imitating and exaggerating what we do naturally.

There have been two great artists of motion in our time and both are more sculptural than painterly, though both use color when they want to. Calder's mobiles are flat leaves on arched branches, cunningly balanced and hung so as to catch the slightest stirring of air and respond to it. As the pattern revolves, slowly and naturally, the relationships among the parts change and we watch in utter fascination as combinations are made, unmade, then vanish and reappear in altered form. Jose De Rivera shapes an endless shining bar of steel into a long and lazy loop, sets it upon a motorized turntable and lets it slowly go around. As we watch,

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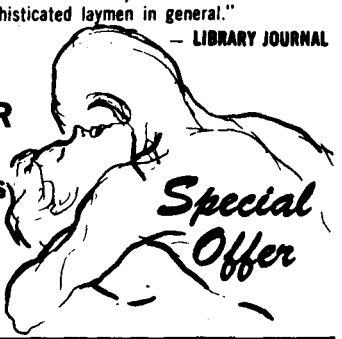

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the loops change in themselves and they change in their shadows and again, as with Calder, we are mildly hypnotized by slow and steady movement of graceful shapes.

The movement in painted constructions has been quite different. When, in Germany and to a lesser extent in America, motors have been used, they have been staggered in various ways, or endowed with cut-offs and cut-ins so as to break any flow of movement that might develop. Or, movement has depended upon the actions of the viewer. When the word rhythm has been applicable at all to the new movement, the rhythm has been sudden, sharp, jerky in colors that have been acid, unpleasant, clashing, and the whole, as might be expected, has been accompanied by statements in some length on the nature of movement in the modern world: autos, subways and neon figuring prominently. Movement more often than not has been the province of artists never heard of in any other connection, and some of them have been so taken in by the theories of instant art-history of our time that they have purportedly been driven to movement on the grounds that the rest of the known world of art was conquered by Kline and Jasper Johns.

For a change just now, an American painter fairly well established in his own, traditional, line of work, has taken up movement. Jonah Kinigstein has a show of a dozen or so moving paintings at the Nordness Gallery, and if you're in New York I urge you to go and see it.

The new work relates to absolutely nothing in Kinigstein's past, except possibly a happy childhood, if he had one. As a painter he has developed out of the tradition of Soutine and Rouault, both in the handling of paint – thick with sharp contrasts of color and dark – and in the general mood of melancholy and the macabre. He has painted dead men and dying women, a ghastly Christ on the cross surrounded by clownish creatures one of whom was clearly recognizable as a bishop. There has been an undefined religious presence in much of his work always combined with a definite opposition to religious officialdom. There has been a reverence for death and an insistence upon it as one of the realities of life.

In his paintings in movement, all this is gone. If any art is recalled it is that of an abstract Matisse, bright colors and pleasing shapes. Each work is a flat, rectangular box, front wall a window, back wall white reflecting light from a hidden source. Between front wall and back wall pass two endless belts of transparent material decorated with colored, translucent shapes, some apparently painted on, some apparently glued on. This gives four surfaces, with the one moving from left to right the delayed reverse of the one moving – behind – from right to left, same thing with the two vertically moving surfaces. The shapes are circles, arrows, passages of stripes, triangles, squares, oblongs and others. The colors are mostly the primaries and secondaries.

Since the movement of both rolls is at the same speed and since the horizontal is about 50 percent longer than the vertical, the patterns are not repeated each time around. A frequent effect is the one you get in an airplane when you look down and see another plane moving at a different level at a different speed in a different direction: a third movement comes into existence that is the product of both the movements of the two planes. Thus you watch the progress of a circle across the opening, but its line of march is turned into a diagonal by the presence of other shapes moving up or down. You become fascinated by the sheer visual movement – as with running water or trees in wind – but also by the intellectual problem of relationships: as with

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2. Title of Publication: *The New Republic*
3. Frequency of Issue: Weekly except in summer when we skip four issues.
4. Location of known office of publication (Street, city, county, state, zip code): 1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.
5. Location of the Headquarters or General Business offices of the publishers (not printers): 1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.
6. Names and Addresses of Publisher, Editor, and Managing Editor:
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1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.
Editor: Gilbert A. Harrison
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Managing Editor: Alex Campbell
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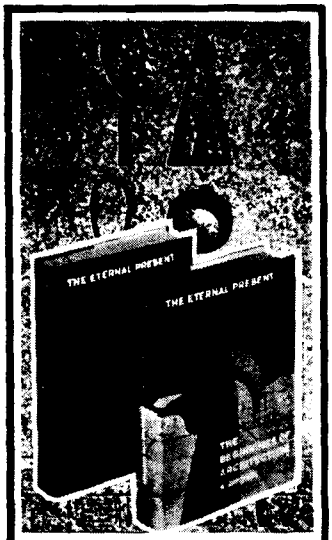

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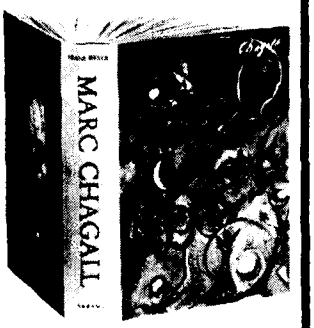

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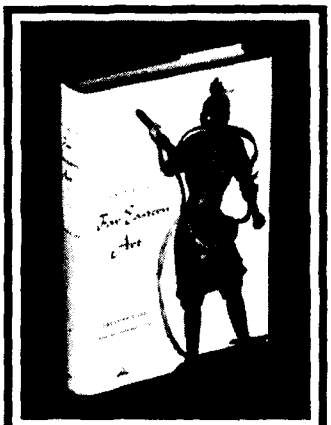

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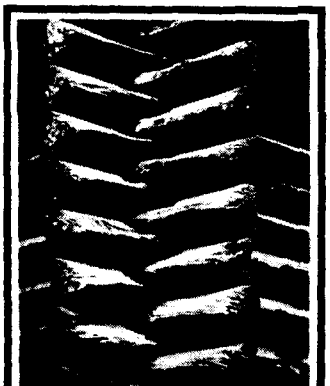

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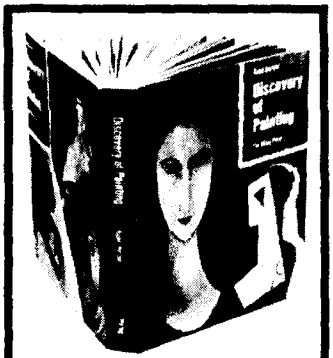

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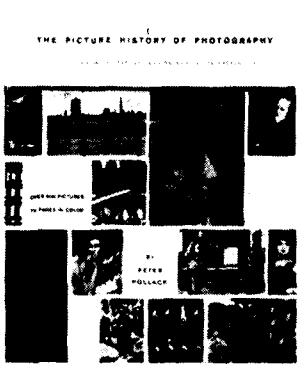

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trees in depth seen from a moving car. This double attraction exerts itself beautifully in almost every work. In one, the artist made the mistake of attempting recognizable figures, those of the bull ring, and the whole enterprise sank immediately to the level of an ingenious toy. In another, on the other hand, he created an underwater fantasy with ripple-edged shapes of green and blue passing and repassing before each other and absorbing the attention.

Of all the varieties of actual movement being introduced into contemporary painting, Kinigstein's is the most effective, the most compelling and the most naturally logical in its relations to the principles of delight in movement explored by Calder and De Rivera.

FRANK GETLEIN

Correspondence

A Seat for Mr. Keating

Sirs:

It was a great disappointment to read your lead note (September 19) in support of Robert Kennedy's candidacy for the United States Senate. You were right to point out that his recently acquired residence in New York is not a valid issue, that while he was Attorney General there were some praiseworthy achievements in the Justice Department, and that Keating's record in the Senate has not been all liberal.

On the other hand, I am astounded that Robert Kennedy's endorsement of Representative Charles A. Buckley should be characterized by *The New Republic* as a "tactical error." It is distressing to note how nonchalantly you discount his illiberal pursuit of Hoffa and his incredibly stupid and repulsive display of Valachi. If these were isolated instances, perhaps they could be excused. But Robert Kennedy has a well-known record of illiberal acts and statements beginning with his service to the late Senator Joseph McCarthy.

Another consideration is the meaning of Robert Kennedy's candidacy for the New York Democratic Party. It is common knowledge that New York Democrats had no candidate within the state except for Representative Samuel Stratton, and so Kennedy was invited to be the nominee. By his acceptance, Kennedy has aligned himself with the regressive elements in the Democratic Party, and consequently any hope of reestablishing a dynamic and creative party seems more and more remote. His style of campaigning is consistent with his apparent regard for the non-reform branch of the party; he doesn't speak about politics. Instead he emphasizes personality, exploiting the emotionalism which Murray Kempton has described in this journal (September 12).

Perhaps the most important consideration is the future of the Republican Party, not only in New York, but also in the nation. Senator Keating is one of the few who is openly leading the fight to save his party from a right-wing, radical factionalism. Surely you must realize that a candidate's disavowal of the leader of his party's ticket is an extraordinary act. It is, therefore, highly desirable that Senator Keating's renunciation of Senator Goldwater be ratified by his constituency. Senator Keating must be reelected since in our adversary system of government it is vital that we have a responsible opposition.

George R. Parsons, Jr.
Rochester, N. Y.

Your endorsement of Robert Kennedy is truly astounding. Senator Keating is a genuine liberal, with an excellent record. To retire a man of his integrity and ability for one who chose New York State for a jumping-off ground to satisfy his ambition, would be the height of *ingratitude* and *folly*.

Rabbi Theodore N. Lewis
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Your somewhat left-handed editorial endorsement of Robert Kennedy's New York senatorial candidacy requires, at the least, two comments.

On the Attorney General's record, the only thing "repellent" about the prosecution of one James Riddle Hoffa is the incredible gullibility of those who have bought the so-called vendetta charge. Under Kennedy, of course, the Department pursued labor union corruption with unusual vigor. Yet its attention was hardly limited to the nefarious activities of Hoffa. For example, during Kennedy's tenure, James G. Cross, former President of the Bakery and Confectionery Workers, was convicted of, among other things, union embezzlement and Richard T. Gosser, International Vice-President of the United Auto Workers, was convicted of conspiracy to defraud. In addition, within the Teamsters itself, 108 convictions of Teamsters or Teamsters' associates were secured for everything from extortion and bribery to outright thievery. Placed in this context, the Hoffa prosecutions can hardly be termed "repellent."

Surely you don't seriously suggest that the Department should have ignored the whole question, or that once it had decided that the long-term viability of the labor movement – a high priority commitment of our democratic, industrial society – demanded honest officialdom, it should have left the leading rogue to others who had already demonstrated that they were incapable or unwilling to take action?

Charges that the Justice Department utilized police state methods in pursuit of Hoffa – a possible ground, I assume, for finding the prosecutions "repellent" – are yet to be documented. Until they are, if they can be, let us accord the Department the old-fashioned presumption of innocence.

You also ask, "Who among us could stay out of jail if the federal government was that determined to put us there?" Most of us could, I submit – provided we were, in fact, innocent and the federal judiciary retained its independence and integrity, neither of which, happily, it shows any sign of losing. It should not be necessary, as well, to point out that it takes in this country the unanimous verdict of twelve ordinary citizens to put anybody in jail. No matter how much the federal government may want its man, it just doesn't always get him. Eloquent testimony to this fortunate truth is unfortunately provided by the relative immunity from conviction so long en-

Coming

Sartre

by Jean Daniel

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joyed by the major figures engaged in organized crime.

Again the only thing "disgraceful" about the so-called Valachi Hearings has been the almost total and perilous failure of serious commentators to recognize their real significance. For years now, the menace of the Mafia has been considered largely the figment of the imagination of Harry J. Anslinger, the former Commissioner of Narcotics. Otherwise responsible men like Daniel Bell have contended that the Mafia legend is little more than a classic illustration of America's unhappy penchant for the conspiratorial theory of history. J. Edgar Hoover himself, as late as January 1962, was on record as saying "no coalition of racketeers dominated organized crime." Hopefully, the McClellan Committee Hearings might have brought these all too prevalent misconceptions to an end. For the first time, the inner workings of the Mafia were exposed. Joe Valachi's story – admittedly not much by itself – was publicly corroborated and documented in detail. The Attorney General himself affirmed his belief during the Hearings in the existence and nature of the Mafia on the basis of Valachi's story *and* intelligence gained from other informants. The testimony of John T. Shanley, head of the Central Investigation Bureau of the New York City Police, should also be considered. He indicated Valachi's story was confirmed by actual wiretaps employed by his people under New York's wiretapping law.

G. Robert Blakey
Assistant Professor of Law
Notre Dame Law School

As a New Yorker I wish to register dissent from the opinions of *The New Republic* (of Washington, DC) on Keating and Kennedy. For many of us here it is not only a matter of which man has supported the larger number of liberal measures or has recently made fewer mistakes – though under this latter head Keating comes out ahead of Kennedy. It is rather a matter of what kind of person we New Yorkers prefer to be represented by and which man we think will best represent New York in federal government.

The Kennedyites have presented the argument that the Kennedys are not really residents of any state: Robert Kennedy has been living in Virginia, he once lived in New York, etc. All I can say to this is: tell it to Massachusetts. In *that* state no one will tell you the Kennedys belong elsewhere. At the same time, it is true that residence is not the main issue. I shall vote for Keating because he is devoted to New York and knows far better what the job of representing New York in Washington is. (Both men are devoted to the United States, so one cannot choose on that basis.) I have the impression that he is a superior human being to Robert Kennedy, and the Kennedyites do not give me reasons for changing this impression. And his behavior in relation to Goldwater has aroused my admiration for him more than anything that Robert Kennedy ever did to arouse my admiration for *him*. As to the way he votes, it is hard to believe that it will differ from the way Robert Kennedy would vote: the past is the past. Or should I bring up Robert Kennedy's connection with McCarthy and McCarthy's committees?

It may be whispered that I hold Robert Kennedy's pretty face against him. But Keating is good looking too: there is nothing to beat silver hair.

Eric Bentley
New York, N. Y.

Your endorsement of Robert Kennedy's senatorial candidacy leaves me both puzzled and disturbed. One can understand, if not condone, the political opportunism which led New York's victory-starved Democrats and now totally bankrupt Liberals to embrace a likely winner, but one is hard pressed to comprehend the alacrity with which a respected liberal journal has jumped aboard the bandwagon.

I will not deny that Mr. Kennedy has been in many respects a fairly effective Attorney General, but even the achievements you cite – prison and bail reform, for example – are largely the work of dedicated subordinates who laid the groundwork for success long before Mr. Kennedy appeared on the scene. As a Washington resident, I too can testify to his efforts on behalf of this city's and the nation's youth. But building playgrounds is no claim to the mantle of statesmanship.

What is more important, Mr. Kennedy's entire career has exhibited a

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ruthless ambition that knows few bounds. Despite his eleventh-hour conversion to the cause of civil rights (there are many who find it ironic for this johnny-come-lately to be identified in the South as *the* champion of integration), he has repeatedly demonstrated a basically anti-libertarian cast which all too often sacrifices constitutional principles and human beings to political and personal ends. His McCarthy-like behavior as a congressional committee counsel, his continuing vendetta against Mr. Hoffa, his support of wire-tap legislation (there is no "best" wire-tap bill) . . . his cavalier exploitation of the New York electorate all add up to a political record hardly worthy of reward.

Senator Keating has been a responsible, by and large liberal voice in the Senate. He has served his constituents well, as most Democrats would privately aver. Most important, his reelection and that of other left-of-center Republicans is essential to our two-party system. Events at San Francisco and during the current campaign have taught us all what a Goldwater-dominated Republican Party, stripped of the moderating influence of the Keatings and Rockefellers, means to the health of American political life. *David M. Cohen*
Washington, D. C.

Despite your efforts to pretty-up the image of Bobby Kennedy, there remains only one connection between the former Attorney General and the people of the State of New York, and that connection is his late brother's memory.
Harvard Hollenberg
Cambridge, Mass.

What's Eating Us?

Sirs:

I wish to take issue with Louis J. Halle's suggestion ("What's 'Eating' Us," September 19) that America's illusions – of omnipotence, of unique virtue – are best put aside as youthful indulgences which we cannot now afford. The best answer to Goldwaterism may not be the casting away of our illusions – José Ortega y Gasset once noted that man's illusions constituted his primary motive for action. Perhaps we should instead direct our national energies to their fulfillment. What, after all, is "the American dream" but an illusion? If America can successfully resolve racial tensions at home, it may claim the unique virtue of solving what most likely will be – and already is – a major problem in the world: the peaceful coexistence of the races. *Douglas R. Ayer*
New York City

In Your Chevrolet

Sirs:

Two other dangers inherent in the Corvair should be added to those described by James Ridgeway in his excellent article (September 19).

The rigid and sharp eyebrow over the glove compartment has symmetry as its only reason for being. Even when padded (the optional padding is inadequate) it is, in my opinion, the most dangerous instrument panel on the road, possibly exceeded by the Buick Skylark, another product of General Motors. But the most serious defect is the steering shaft which sticks out in front of the leading surface of the front tires. This has been a characteristic of Chevrolet for years, but in the Corvair there are no frame side rails to act as something of a buffer in a left front corner impact.

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Safety design and construction on railways have been matters of federal laws for over 70 years. The requirements of personnel-supporting structures are detailed in specific terms. We need similar laws for the automobile with federal inspectors in every motorcar factory.
Horace E. Campbell, M.D.
Denver, Colo.

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Monday, Sept. 14, 1964 THE WASHINGTON POST

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By Morton Mintz
Staff Reporter

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